

the Monster Times



Polly want
a creature?!

Sounds
fishy to me ...

A grave
state of affairs ...

Excuse me, lady,
but I received your name through
the Creature Computer-Date Service and ...
I hate to be forward but
it's been a rather dry period for
me of late and ...

Another
bat pun.

They've
worked me
to the bone ...

A pretty Poe choice,
if you ask me ...

OY!

the monster times

Volume 1, No. 5

PAGE 3

PAGE 6

THE MONSTER TIMES PRODUCTION AND CREATED BY LARRY BRILL & ES WALSTEIN
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PAGE 19

PAGE 3

PAGE 9

PAGE 14

THIS ISSUE'S COVER is the skillful brush wizardry N. Ominous, the fellow who unheralded, has contributed most of the enduring movie posters of the century. Called by the nickname "Anonymous" by his friends, business associates and admirers, quietly he goes right on, churning out masterpieces like our cover, which was taken from the preshock of **THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON**.

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CONFESSIONS FROM THE BLACK LAGOON

Somewhere along the upper reaches of the Amazon, deep in the tropical miasma of a forgotten world, the river turns and enters into a small lagoon. The natives seldom speak of this mysterious place, but when they do their words tremble with fear. This is the dwelling place of a demon, a monstrous beast whose

force of evil has driven it through millions of centuries. It is a being so horrible, so fantastic, that mortal words cannot accurately describe its ancient fury. So it must be called upon to describe itself . . .

Demon? Monstrous beast? EGAD!!! Eighteen years since my first appearance and people still think I'm a louse! I really don't give a darn about my public image, but when playful young teenagers start booby-trapping the local lagoon, where female fish swim, I believe the time has come for a rebuttal. So here, now, in the black and white panorama of the MONSTER TIMES, I shall reveal the ungarnished truth about one of Hollywood's greatest movie monsters. Behold, the uncult, uncensored confessions of yours truly, the heart-stopping Gill Man, the malevolent man-fish, the scaly scalaway from South America, the famous and original CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON!

The Memoirs of Gilbert "Gill" Gillman

"Rolling on the River"

For the first 75 million years of my life things were really swell. I'd relax, clown around with the local natives (they always gotta kick out of my Buster Crabbe impersonations) and would spend the remainder of the day charming the prettiest schools of pirhana this side of Bart's Aquarium!

Then, on a warm September afternoon in the fall of 1953, big-time movie producer William Alland came chugging down the tranquil Black Lagoon, searching for a new face into which he could invest money. After starring in some Grade B disaster with Orson Welles ("Citizen Kane," I believe) back in '41, Mr. Alland had since decided to divert his time and funds to the sophisticated prospect of monster movies. Along with him for the ride was Nestor Paiva, who hadn't shaved in over a year and muttered something about, "You crazy Americano, why dunt you high-tail eet out of here and make Ricardo Montalban movies!" Unhampered by Nestor's obvious lack

of taste, Bill pressed on until he finally spotted me sitting on a log, thumbing through my Aquaman comic books. "You're a natural," he squealed, and then, after asking me whether or not my name was Rosebud, offered me a contract with Universal Pictures. To be perfectly honest, I was terribly excited at the idea. After all, as he promptly pointed out, look what good ol' "Universal U" did for Count Dracula and the Frankenstein Monster. After only ten or twenty years, they were able to meet famous Hollywood personalities, such as Abbott and Costello and the Bowery Boys! It was truly a once in a lifetime opportunity, one that I'd be foolish to ignore, and so I said farewell to my pals and gals, packed my neutralizer and headed for the wilds of Southern California.

"When in Southern California, Visit Universal City Studios"

My reception in the Sunny State was

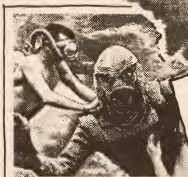


What annoyed me most in the first film was Dick Carlson, who felt obliged to steal scenes with that damn spear-gun of his, lousing up my romantic appeal!

★ The Monster Times ★

TERROR GRIPS CITY!
MONSTER ESCAPES!

Ocean Harbor;—Police and Civil Defense Units in thirteen States today combined forces in a search for the weird Gill Man who, after slaying an attendant, disappeared late last night. Authorities have expressed grave fear for the safety of lovely scientist.



◆ Although dynamite explosions had benumbed the beast—four strong men had trouble chaining him last week!



REVENGE OF THE
CREATURE

◆ FLASH FOTOS! Just arrived—these amazing pictures of a woman in the Gill Man's clutches (above) and (left) some of the havoc wrought by the monstrous creature!

There wasn't a dry eye in the nation when my heart-rendering performance was publicized in huge newspaper ads like this one.

answer. Someday spaceships will be traveling from Earth to other planets — are human beings going to survive on those planets? The atmosphere will be different, the pressures will be different. By studying these, and other species, we add to our knowledge of how life evolved, how it adapted itself to this world. With that knowledge, perhaps we can teach man to adapt himself to some new world of the future."

Fortunately for us, most of Dick's other statements weren't as long as this initial wind-bagger. But the final script did abound with a welcome understanding of science and fiction, and treated both aspects of thought respectfully. There is even a touching bit of what I term, "humanity under pressure", as Carlson orders his companions to cease fire as I limp out of the grotto and to my aquatic death.

The fact that the 3D process demanded scripts emphasizing visual thrills might have squashed lesser projects (and did), but the final result here was one that any monster-as-well-as-screenwriter would be proud of.

The rest of the production crew also had a good idea of what makes a monster flick click. Makeup chief Buddy Westmore was a competent craftsman — although his work with me didn't extend far beyond the toenail clipping stage. There were also a number of stuntmen who exercised my more dangerous activities. Among these noteworthy gents were Ed Parker, Ben Chapman and — what's his name — oh, yeah! Ricou Browning, who went ape the final day of production when I presented him with a going away gift: an adorable baby doll named Flipper. Wonder what ever happened to them since...

"A Star (Fish) Is Born"

With the film in the can and our hopes in the air, Universal went about distributing the flick for both 3D and 2D engagements. The first response came from the critics, who were not very responsive.

"Only if you've lost all your comic

something less than bright. My first three days were spent jitterbugging for Charles Welbourne's underwater 3D camera setup, and the only time I got to see Alland was when the returns to IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE came in from outer boxoffices.

Finally I was introduced to the cast and crew when I threatened to form my own movie studio under the name "American International". (Later two goofs called Nicholson and Arkoff won the copyright from me in a crap game.) Dick Carlson made an appropriate "young, resourceful scientist". After an enjoyable chat with the actor, I discovered he had co-starred with an old friend of mine, Froggy, who had temporarily left the Andy Devine complex to star with Dick Carlson in Allied Artist's THE MAZE. Later that week I encountered my old pal who greeted me with an expected "Hiya, Gill! Hiya, Hiya, Hiya!" and explained the advantages and disadvantages of 3D movie making.

At this point I was beginning to feel more at home in the alien environment. Lovely Julia Adams was perhaps most instrumental, since she apparently sensed that I was — dare I say it? — a fish out of water. She alone understood my plight, and I completely fell for her.

I'll never forget the day she went for a particularly exotic swim in the studio manufactured lagoon. Well, and me a gentleman! I mean I just had to summon

up all my will power to keep from doing anything rash.

I followed her from underneath the water (can you blame me?) and found out sometime later that clowning Charlie photographed the whole scene in 3D and submitted it to director Jack Arnold as a gag. Later Arnold included the scene in the final print and was complimented for an "arousing and poetic dramatization of uncharitably love". The bum!

Peri-Scopes
of Evolution on Trial

Bill Alland later introduced me to screenwriters Harry Essex and Artie Ross who discussed their scenario with me. It was, in a word, awful! After a few hours of intense, concentrated effort (with my valued supervision) a second script was written, which, quite seriously, contained some of the best dialog ever written for a sci-fi movie. The final effect, of course, was due mostly to the vocal talents of Richard Carlson, whose cool, scientific enthusiasm enhanced many a fantasy film. Here's a typical example of his lingo:

"More and more we're learning the meaning and value of marine research. This lunghish... the bridge between fish and the land animal. How many thousands of ways nature tried to bring life out of the sea and onto the land. This one failed. He hasn't changed in over a million years. But here... here we have a clue to an

A rare promo still of Julie Adams and myself shilling for an Arthur Murray tie-in ad. The campaign was never used.



books", wailed a Times reviewer who probably kept his under lock and key. The New York News at least termed it "an average thriller" and gave us a two and a half star rating. (Come to think of it, that's what they gave Kubrick's 2001!

Oh, well . . .)

But the mounting critical assaults fused into an all-encompassing zero when our modest little effort turned into Universal's biggest money-maker of 1954! Man, what a day that was! The lenses must have popped out of Jack Warner's 3D glasses when he heard about us! HOUSE OF WAX - hah! My film wasn't popular merely because of some tricky filter! Indeed, most movie producers of the time agreed that 3D flicks had flickered out of the public's interest. One of our leading film competitors of the year, Warner Brother's THEM! had been originally shot in 3D and color, but saw final release sans the various hues and dimensional effects.

To my utter astonishment, I was an overnight sensation. Although I had strict contract commitments to Universal, the studio did permit me to appear (briefly) with luscious Marilyn Monroe in 20th Century Fox's THE SEVEN YEAR ITCH. My appearance took the form of, first, a billboard on a theater marquee and second as the subject of some rather ill-chosen lines (delivered by MM) comparing me to co-star Tom Ewell.

Yeeech!

Continued on page 29

ABOUT THIS ISSUE'S CENTERFOLD POSTER

THE MONSTER TIMES is always scouring about for new talent, as well as diligently striving to acquire the best of the established horror and sci-fi art superstars. This issue's awf-colored poster of the ever-popular Gill, THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON, was rendered by Tim Johnson, who's just turning 18 this April.

A MONSTER TIMES discovery, Tim is a senior student at the New York High School of Art & Design. A far-better than average new comic art talent, Tim intends to gainful employment in the fiercely competitively world of comic books, upon his graduation in June. We wish him luck, and trust that his poster for this issue will be a valuable portfolio piece when he goes looking for work in comix.

Tim has been into Fandom for many years, collecting stils, comix, and fanzines (fan-produced magazines), and has put out some fanzines of his own, as well as contributing to many of the better ones. He prefers comic books and illustrations to the stuff that's called Fine Art these days, and admires the work of such great cartoonists and illustrators as Jack Davis, Wally Wood, and Frank Frazetta, hoping some day to achieve comparable greatness.

THE MONSTER TIMES thinks that Tim Johnson is well on his way!



Me doing my immortal impersonation of Errol Flynn in CAPTAIN GLUB! People back then accused me of "Going Hollywood," but they just didn't appreciate my versatility.



52 PAGES 25c

BIGGER AND BETTER

DC TARZAN OF THE APES

52 PAGES 25c

BIGGER AND BETTER

EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

52
BIG pages
DON'T TAKE LESS!
ONLY
25c

Tarzan

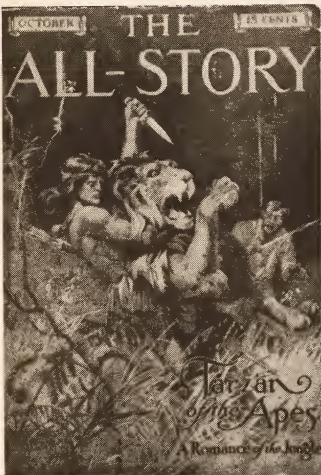
DC TARZAN

1st
DC
ISSUE

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY
NO. 207
APR.
30678



The First Ape Man in comic, and the latest one. The first comic strip to be illustrated in a realistic fashion was none other than TARZAN of the Apes... drawn by Hal Foster in 1929. Forty-three years later, Joe Kubert was hand-picked by the Edgar Rice Burroughs Corporation to handle the adaptation



Tarzan

by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

DOOMED TO LOSE



TARZAN, over the years, has been drawn by more great illustrators than you can shake a No. 3 Winsor-Newton sable inkling-brush at. Two of the greatest are here represented: CLINTON PETEE, who painted the cover of the first pulp serialization of the first novel, *TARZAN OF THE APES*, back in 1912. This was pretty fierce action painting, back then. Petee was followed by others, most notably J. Allen St. John and Hal (PRINCE VALIANT) Foster. BURNIE HOGARTH, whose November 11, 1941 Sunday *TARZAN* strip is excerpted above, achieved the most recognition around the world, for his "old master" approach to action-adventure drawing: tense, dynamic, powerful. European art expert and comic art enthusiasts have had gallery exhibitions of Hogarth's *TARZAN* strips. Now, in comic books, Joe Kubert takes a hand in drawing/writing/adapting the *TARZAN* series, for DC. Joe Kubert is doing *TARZAN* as Edgar Rice Burroughs wrote him... as an English lord, who, finding himself in the jungle, naturally became "Lord of the Jungle."

The Return of the Native!

TARZAN'S WRITER/ARTIST JOE KUBERT TELLS ALL IN AN EXCLUSIVE MONSTER TIMES INTERVIEW

EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS, in his long lifetime, populated the imaginations of millions, with strange worlds at the center of the Earth's core (PELLUCIDAR) exotic denizens of fabled Lost Cities of Gold (TARZAN, KORAK), strange alien monster races with four arms, others with dinosaur tails and multitudes of bulging bug eyes riding pterodactyl ptericabals (JOHN CARTER OF MARS, CARSON OF VENUS). The menagerie of strange beasts and creatures and monsters and mammoth, gigantic animals would sink an Ark.

Now the burgeoning Burroughs' zoo comes marching into your merry little mind, out of the pages of the National Periodicals (DC) Comics group.

This month, and in the next couple of months, DC will be premiering a new line of ERB comic: *TARZAN, KORAK, and TARZAN PRESENTS: EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS' WEIRD WORLDS*. Of the various books the *WEIRD WORLDS* book is the third, incorporating features originally to be in the first two (and the arrangement is pretty complicated and so won't be gone into here). We will be seeing therein all these various features:

TARZAN: written, edited & drawn by Joe Kubert.

JOHN CARTER OF MARS: Written by Martin Wolfman, drawn by Murphy Anderson.

KORAK — SON OF TARZAN: Written by Len Wein, drawn by Frank Thorne.

PELLUCIDAR — Written by Len Wein, drawn by Allan Weiss.

CARSON OF VENUS: Written by Len Wein, drawn by Mike Kaluta.

Astute MT readers may note that Messrs. Kaluta, Wein and Wolfman, are also contributors to *THE MONSTER TIMES*. *THE MONSTER TIMES* alumnus makes its mark!

The new National Burroughs books are the news event of comic this year. DC has acquired permission to adapt anything ERB ever wrote. Gold Key Comics used to handle *TARZAN* and *KORAK*, but the Edgar Rice Burroughs Estate took them away from Gold Key and handed the rights over to DC, solely, it is rumored, on the strength of the work of one DC artist, Joe Kubert. We managed to interview this man in comic news, this week, and his comments about the

direction the amiable Apeman, as well as comments from DC freelance editor, Marvin Wolfman, should prove interesting to *THE MONSTER TIMES* readers.



A pre-bearded Joe Kubert of 1971

Joe Kubert is a burly, bearded athletic middle-aged man, who looks more like he'd be participating in Burroughs' high

adventures than drawing them. Introductions were exchanged, and then...

The Interview

MT: What is the basic direction you intend to keep with the *TARZAN* book? Will you go to the more fantastic realms of lost cities, or will you keep it more to jungle adventure?

KUBERT: The life-blood of any cartoon character is change, fantastic change and pacing so that the reader doesn't know what to expect next. When you ask me where he's going to go, what he's going to do; "I don't know" other than that *TARZAN* will be as he himself was in *TARZAN OF THE APES*, Burroughs' original conception. In fact, the first four issues will be pretty much taken verbatim from the original *TARZAN OF THE APES*. I'm just winding up that fourth book now. Where we'll go next, I'm really not sure. It could be fantastic adventures, like *TARZAN & THE LEOPARDESS*. Or perhaps a completely original story; I don't know. We've a lot of material to choose from.

All artwork in this article

© 1972 The Edgar Rice Burroughs Corporation

MT: To clarify for those who only know of TARZAN through the Weissmuller & other movies, how do you see the original TARZAN?

KUBERT: Not as the grunting kind of a guy that Weissmuller portrayed him. Although, Weissmuller came closer to looking like TARZAN than any other actor. Physically. But mentally, The Ape Man, as far as Burroughs' description is concerned, has learned to read English before he can speak it, he's learned to speak French, then speak English. He's a rather well-spoken, well-read kind of a character, not the grunty Weissmuller one of "Me TARZAN, you Jane! Him — Boy!"

MT: There are other attributes to his character that were skimmed upon in the movies. A "moral tone" beyond the simple filmed attitudes. How closely can you keep to this in the comic format?

KUBERT: Well, I'm trying to adhere to this as closely as possible, although I feel a lot of the things that Burroughs did, in 1912, are outdated, as our morals and ideas have changed rather drastically since. For instance, natives. The black men. In the original book they are shown as being forced to go into the interior of Africa because of the suppression and cruelty of the white soldiers who just at that time (1912) were beginning to invade the dark continent. However, in other parts of book he described blacks as overly-subversive or overly-cruel themselves, or even bestial, which I feel are completely out of context with things as we know and feel them today. So the moral character of Tarzan will stay rather closely to the original character that Burroughs gave him, only I'm trying to make it as "contemporary" as possible. By that I don't mean that he's a "Now" character, or a hip kind of a guy, he's still a rather naive kind of a guy who will kill if he's put on the spot but doesn't kill for the sake of killing. There is one episode in which he learns how unfair, how greedy and cruel the outside world is, and he returns to his own African home, commenting how the white men outside are no better, and in many ways much worse than the beasts of the jungle. That the people outside kill because of greed and cruelty, where animals will rarely kill for any other reason than to protect their own domain or for food. His few short forays into civilization only bring him back to the place where he was born. A sort of touch-stone.

MT: And so he prefers the jungle, where he is lord.

KUBERT: He is born into a nobility that is ingrained in him. Burroughs has set him up as the kind of a guy who would be a "lord" regardless of where he found himself. Simply because he was born of the royal lineage of English nobility. So to that extent he retains that kind of a character. He is "lord" of the jungle. He would be "lord" of the sewer, if he happened to find himself there. That's what Burroughs built him up as, and that's how I'm going to handle him.

MT: How is the relationship with Jane going to be handled? In the first book they were not married; living together in the jungle.

KUBERT: At this point, I'd rather have him a bachelor, his affair with Jane in the first book leads him to go to America to find her. They'd professed love to each other in the jungle before she'd left. The plot gets kind of convoluted. She leaves without him. He follows her. When they meet in America he learns she's already been promised to somebody else, and he, being the noble savage that he is (jerk that he is), says that he realizes she's already sworn to another, and for him to break this up would be a "most ignoble" thing to do. He then steps away from the relationship, rather than pulling her away from her betrothed, and just steps aside and goes back to his apex.

MT: That could be a pretty heartbreaking moment in comic books.

KUBERT: I cried for three days! (Laughter)

KUBERT: Seriously, I'm going to try to make it as dramatic as I possibly can. I think it works pretty good.

MT: One of the first things that strikes me about your art is that although mentally you have a strong conception of figures and settings you're drawing, you keep it very, very loose and open.

KUBERT: I am very heavily influenced by the first TARZAN sequence, which was a combination of text and illustration by Hal Foster (who later created Prince



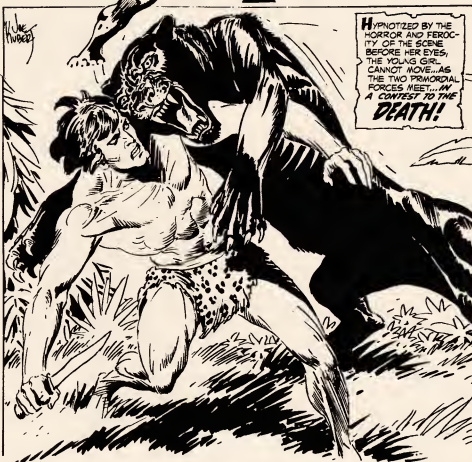
For awhile, ACE BOOKS put out the TARZAN books, and commissioned just about the greatest living adventure artist, Frank Frazetta, to render spellbinding color covers and cryptic frontpiece illos, such as this one, from THE BEASTS OF TARZAN.



FOR A SPLAT SECOND HE HELD THE PULSING ENGINE OF DESTRUCTION... THEN — THEN Max Mason drew the TARZAN dailies in the early 30's for awhile, easing the chores of Hal Foster. He continued drawing the TARZAN daily comic strips after Houghter (preceding page) took over the thrill-duppled TARZAN Sunday color page.



Here is Burne Hogarth's version of TARZAN, Lord of the Jungle, grappling with the King of Beasts. This was drawn a scant generation after Clinton Petee's original TARZAN pulp cover on the preceding page. Who says things don't get better?



COMPARISON TIME: The preceding examples display TARZAN grappling with giant cats, as drawn by other artists. Here, then Joe Kubert's interpretation of the same subject.

Valiant), back in 1920, when the first TARZAN strip was sold. This was a basic, crude kind of an illustration that always lured me, enticed me into reading that strip. And I feel that it had the same effect on almost everybody. The crudity fit the character and setting so well — well, you call it looseness, I call it trying to get down to the very basic, simple illustrative qualities that will not slow down a story, so that someone who is not necessarily a comic book buff can enjoy the story, not obtruding, but enhancing.

MT: Still, there's a powerful draftsmanship involved, as say, the scenes of TARZAN wrestling a bull-apie, or staving off an attacking lion. Do you keep in mind the colorist as you do this?

KUBERT: Looking at these sketches in black & white is looking at only half the job. I definitely think of color. The colorist, Tatjana Wood, incidentally, has done a terrific job.

MT: From the way the ERB books seemed to take well to comic, do you suppose Burroughs was a frustrated comic book writer?

KUBERT: Oh, no, I think that comic books were probably the furthest thing from his mind. I think that he was an adventure writer, and that basically comic books are that kind of a media. His pacing is a little slower in his books. You couldn't get away with discussions, a series of balloons "talk-talk" in a comic book or strip.

MT: Yes, although his son, John Burroughs, did draw a comic strip version of JOHN CARTER OF MARS in the 1930's. And there was a time in his life when he drew a series of editorial cartoons, and reputedly made sketches of all the monster characters which appeared in his books, perhaps to give a better idea of them to the illustrator of his novels, J. Allen St. John.

KUBERT: I don't know that.

WOLFMAN: The thing is though, that Burroughs didn't mean this to be the greatest literature in the world. He was trying to do Pulp Writing. He was influenced by the pulps of the time. He had sold advertisements for some of the magazines, and then suddenly decided he could write better stories than were then in those magazines.

KUBERT: I think his greatest weight was the fact that he did a terrific action story with much imagination, which in turn, kind of "turned on" anybody who read it. It kind of gives your imagination a shove into — or — about seven million different directions. His effectiveness is not so much what he has written, but what he has instilled in others to write beyond. And that Edgar Rice Burroughs worlds were a step-off point.

MT: For instance?

KUBERT: Ninety-nine and 9/10th's per cent of all science fiction writers are jumping off Burroughs' wing. Pushed to delve into their own imaginations and machinations, impelled by Burroughs. Most science fiction writers who say that they're steeped in Burroughs' writings.

WOLFMAN: Practically all the things that have been written today he did in his early books. He had a race of women who were using artificial methods to create more children.

MT: Don't mention that to Women's Lib!

WOLFMAN: ... That was in the PELLUCIDAR series, JOHN CARTER influenced them at the time. Science fiction, Sword and Sorcery; Conan, in particular. Everything stemmed from that approach.

KUBERT: For instance, FLASH GORDON, which I think is one of the greatest comic strips of all time, must have been based on one of the half-dozen kinds of characters Burroughs created.

WOLFMAN: And the BUCK ROGERS strip, I think, is related very closely to BEYOND THE FURTHEST STAR ... another ERB story which we may be soon adapting. He really set a pace for years to come.

MT: How would you sum up your efforts?

KUBERT: Just to wind this whole thing up; what I Marvin and I are attempting to do, is to go back, get rid of all the extraneous crud that's been done and that has kind of dissipated the main thrust of the character that I think that Edgar Rice Burroughs had in mind. We'll go back to the original concept, and take The Ape Man in his raw vitality, and continue along the original thrust and line that Burroughs himself meant for the character. If we do that, we can have accomplished what we set out to do. ■



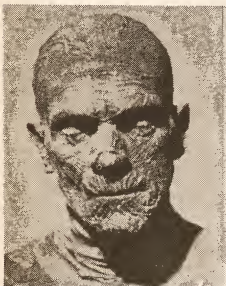
LARRY TODD



MOVIE MONSTERS
By Dennis Gifford.
Studio Vista/Dutton Pictureback, \$2.25

We shall write few words about this paperback (Pictureback) book. There are few (albeit well-chosen) words in it. What the author has to say about the dozens upon dozens of horror and monster films is always brief and to the point. Almost epigrammatic. Almost as if he were writing commercials for TV. Or copy for THE MONSTER TIMES.

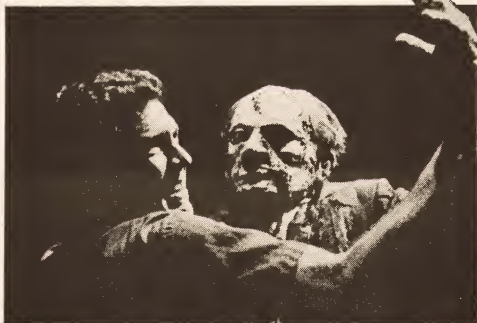
Example:
"Zombies make good soldiers: a platoon of Cambodian dead marched through shellfire to



Boris Karloff as THE MUMMY.

victory in REVOLT OF THE ZOMBIES, and John Drew Barrymore's army of Roman corpses was interestingly if incompetently superimposed in slow motion in WAR OF THE

ZOMBIES. 'Jayne Eyre in the West Indies' was how Val Lewton described his production of I WALKED WITH A ZOMBIE, based on factual articles by Inez Wallace. Frances Dee nursed the sonambulistic wife of planter Tom Conway, and a tall black zombie called Carre Four (Darby Jones) chased James Ellison into the sea. The scientific creation of zombies loses the charm of a voodoo ceremony, but substitutes the cinematic apparatus of a laboratory. John Carradine killed Veda Ann Borg, then revived her as a corpse in REVENGE OF THE ZOMBIES: only Monogram (Pictures) aficionados could tell the difference..." And so on. This amounts to one whole fifth of the chapter on The Zombie. If you wonder why we quoted so much,



The walking corpse who escaped from DOCTOR BLOOD'S COFFIN.



Contrary to popular belief, Al Hedison, NOT Vincent Price played THE FLY...
Mr. Price is rumored to play the violin.

it's to set you up for the next issue of THE MONSTER TIMES...in ALL-ZOMBIE ish.

The best part of the Gifford book (in fact the most of its total 160 pages), is the picture selection. At quick count — 160 pictures! Every one is well-selected and very well printed. Every category of monster is represented. From the first version of FRANKENSTEIN and DER GOLEM and NOSFERATU and DRACULA to pretty rare and seldom-printed gems like John Barrymore's 1920 version of DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE. Or THE FLY. Or one of the ALLIGATOR PEOPLE. Or the BLOOD BEAST TERROR. Or the animal-made men who constituted the LOST SOULS on THE ISLAND

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Michael Landon was a TEENAGE WEREWOLF

A note of warning though: The publishers set out to produce a terrific pix-book... and so used heavy glossy stock for EACH PAGE... paper that is heavier and sturdier and more receptive of photogravure than most American magazine cover paper. Sadly, the book's COVER is only pasted to the stitched page folds, and has a tendency to fall off upon the third opening of the book. But the book's so good, you'll open it a thousand times... so it's bound to fall apart. So, if you're a serious collector and horrorfilm freak, best buy two. One for you to dismantle... and one for your children or grandchildren to someday enjoy asunder.

■C. M. Richards.

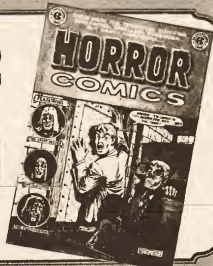
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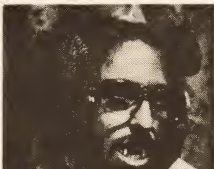
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illustrators Dan Green and Alan Weiss.



Swamped by frantic fans: Isaac Asimov.



Joan Winston, ST-Con Chairwoman.



Our favorite STAR TREK costume.



Haggard FM, Bill Dubay.



Illustrator Frank Brunner.



Gene Roddenberry enthralled young ST fans, & his wife Majel Barrett... Enthralled!

STAR TREK 110
by Gray Morrow

BY DAVE IZZO

STAR TREK REVISITED

It made history, it really did, that first annual STAR TREK Con. And "it" didn't really expect to. The con's promoters, that is, Al Shuster, Joan Winston, Allan Asherman, et al, expected only a chummy little gathering of, say, 300 to 400 avid ST aficionados — 500, tops, and planned their convention accordingly, renting only three ballrooms in the top floor of the Statler Hilton in New York City, last Jan. 21, 22 & 23.

Over 3,500 persons showed up, more than at any other science fiction convention in the history of this planet.

Not counting, of course, guests of honor Gene Roddenberry, the series' producer/writer, and his lovely actress wife, Majel Barrett, who played Nurse Christine Chapel, on the show. Also, ST scriptwriter and guiding light, Dorothy C. Fontana, showed up too, and the three of them gave a special guest-lecture to the well-over 1000 fans who fought tooth & ear to get within earshot for the cherished fan/pro question & answer session which followed.

The most frequently-chirruped question was: "If the series ever could start up again, what could we do to help make it happen?"

Answer: Write to all 3 TV networks, folks! DEMAND ST!

The ST-Con brought from hiding that all-around Renaissance-man (lecturer, SF author, humorist, scientist, Biblical interpreter, literary expert and professional lecher), Isaac Asimov. Dr. Asimov abdicated his Mysterious Hermitage (located somewhere between the baneful Black Forest and Santa's tosytop) to deliver a few sparkling one-liners about Mr. Spock's unique character, as well as to plug some of Dr. A's latest literary releases: "Isaac Asimov's Joke Book," "Isaac Asimov's Annotated Bible" & "The Sensuous Dirty Old Man." This last had a precedence to by making numerous passes at the nubile nymphlet teen "Trekkies" (girl STAR TREK fans) who flowed in abundance throughout the hotel.

With a bit more decorum, veteran SF author Hal Clement gave a talk on the STAR TREK Universe. Also, Mr. Oscar Katz told over 1000 rapt listeners of his many trials and tribulations he and TREK creator Gene Roddenberry suffered in

getting ST on the air; selling it to NBC, back in 1966, when he was a creative director at Desilu Studios. Mr. Katz is now a vice-president at CBS-TV.

But naturally, the most welcomed guests at The Con weren't even listed on the program... namely us; THE MONSTER TIMES staff. We premiered our all-STAR TREK, 2nd great issue there, a week ahead of scheduled release, to the delight of the many thousands who cheerily forked over the four bits cover price.

Many of MT's staff, editors, publishers, writers alike, stood at the MT table in the Hucklebers' Trading Room, selling copies and answering thousands of questions, cheerfully, of course. The view from the table was unique, to say the least, considering some of the notables who dropped by to buy copies:

Sol Brodsky, for one, Editor-Publisher of the Skywald "horror" comic-mags PSYCHO and NIGHTMARE, sauntered to our table to express his well-wishes, and to applaud MT's bold new art-direction, half-seriously (?) asking for a loan of our art department.

Calvin B. Eck also dropped by to learn just enough about us to try and gain some publishing tips. Mr. Eck edits and occasionally publishes a semi-worthy competing monster pub called CASTLE OF FRANKENSLIME, or something like that, and is known for his hilarious impersonations of Orson Welles in A TOUCH OF EVIL.

A rather haggard, and otherwise overworked-looking Bill Dubay (production Ed for the Warren Publishing Monster line) sped past our table, whisking up a copy... plopping two

quarters down on the table briskly. He whizzed by so fast, we didn't have time to pump any top-drawer Company Secrets from him. We hear that his boss is paranoid about such matters. And we can't really guess why. We'll have to ask the rich-man's Lenny Bruce that sometime.

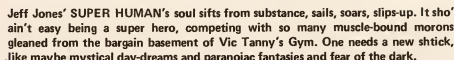
Larry Ivie, editor of MONSTERS & HEROES magazine, picked up a copy of TMT, also, saying he read the first issue, even though he dislikes our newspaper and urged us to change to standard mag format, the way he & everyone else does. Well, ya can't please every competitor.

Numerous contributors to MT were present, also; Mark Frank, Buddy Weiss, Berni Wrightson, Marvin Wolfman, Len Wein, Stanley Simon, Gary Gerani, Ron Borst, Jim Wnoroski, and Philadelphia's own Steve Vertlieb, who flew in just to pick up his advance copy of Ish No.2.

A gala STAR TREK costume ball was one of the final festivities and one of the most frequently-attended ones. Dozens of STAR TREK fans paraded about the Grand Ballroom, dressed as the U.S.S. Enterprise crew, as well as some of the numerous and picturesque villains and life-forms which appeared on the series in its 3-season existence. The costumes ran from humorous to grotesque. One lady portrayed a tribble (a fuzz-ball critter), various persons paraded about as Klingon and Romulan officers. Mr. Spock was impersonated by at least a dozen fans (more than half of whom were, strangely enough, women. Strange in that Vulcans like Spock are supposed to be totally logical creatures).

A convention art room held for display and sale many works of STAR TREK-oriented art, not the least impressive of which were a batch of printed sketches by MT's own Allan Asherman. Most repros of this sketch, A.A. sold for 25¢ each. But signed reproductions of the same sketch by A.A. went for \$1.00 each. Bet you didn't know that an Asherman autograph goes for 75¢ these days! The inflated price is because Allan is a MT associate editor, which almost goes without saying.

But seriously, the First Annual STAR TREK Convention was such an overwhelming success, that there will definitely be another one Next Year! ■

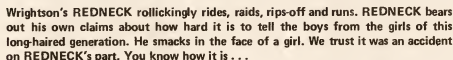


Esquire Ogles Monsterdom

Berni, the baneful Wrightson pre-

But the fellow who really operates the Pop Culture-Counter is PHIZGINK who really works at being "IN-ane, MUND-ane, INS-ane" a

SUPER HEROES OF THE 70s



THE RAIDER is Mike Ploog's satirical superhero spoof; an Afro-American Ralph Super-Nader **RAIDER** who loftily declares: "I've had it! I'm going to fight injustice, corruption and inflation, and the sewer will be my headquarters!" Mr. Ploog was described by Esquire only as being

On the more poetic side of the "Counter-Culture" is the **SUPER-HUMAN** by Jeff Jones (whose magnificent horror feast **GNAWING OBSESSION** graces our pages this ish). Jeff, in a very straight (tho we suspect tongue-in-cheek) fashion, depicted the adventures of a person who delved in the hair-brained mysticism

Superhumanredneckedbrothersoldierheroraidersoldierphizgink!



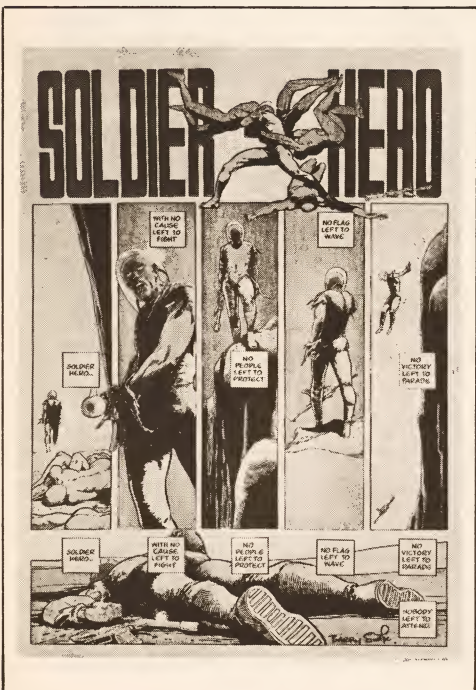
Ralph Reese's satire of COMRADE BROTHER, who's like so many other "People's Heroes"... that is, semi-literate. They don't know there's a "c" in the alphabet and spell words like "America" with a "k"... no doubt COM. BROTHER's related to the same morons who first spelled "clan" with a "k".



Mike Ploog's THE RAIDER has a dollar sign on his belt buckle... a symbol of the cause he fights for! The money we paupers shell out to those who gouge us on food and rent and public transportation (which only kings can afford these days). THE RAIDER is one hero we'd support. Maybe we already do!



Alan Weiss' PHIZGINK is truly incredible. As his story sez, "He don't know the answers, but he sure can make you forget the question!" PHIZGINK is about the nobly costumed hero who really is aware he's wearing a costume. He calls himself a creature of the Ridiculous. Aren't costumed heroes that anyway?



of the "Counter-Culture"... performing that old chestnut of the Black Magic shtick, Astral Projection; the soul leaves the body... but before it can return, the body dies. Which is Marvel Comics' DOCTOR STRANGE Plot Device Number Two. Only this time it's supposedly for real. This is Jeff's subtly satiric comment on the mental health state of the "Counter-Culture's" fun-filled folk.

Last, but by far not the least, is the SOLDIER HERO... the last soldier on earth. Also, the last person on earth. But not for long. With nobody left to fight, he's

Esquire
Exclusive!
The true story behind these pictures!



The March '72 issue of "Esquire"... Jackie O. Tricky Dick. Jeff Jones, Berni Wrightson... not bad for a buck!

got only himself upon whom to take out his aggressions... and so he swiftly does. This disquieting thought was executed by Barry Smith, the superb sword & sorcery fantasy illustrator of the CONAN comic book.

As avid MONSTER TIMES readers know, some of these horror artists are already contributors to TMT. Others we'll definitely be displaying in future issues. And we don't doubt that in no time at all, we'll have acquired work from the rest of them. THE MONSTER TIMES doesn't consider any other monsterpub to be competition, cause none of them is in our league. Excepting perhaps ESQUIRE... and we'll soon be out-monstering them. Just wait and see. If Esquire ceases to do horror-monster articles in the future, it's only because they couldn't take OUR competition! And you know that's true. If it weren't true, we wouldn't be allowed to say it in a newspaper!

Kidding aside, the March ish of ESQUIRE is well-worth the dollar it costs, for the 6 full-color pages of horror-comix artists' work. Or so this reviewer feels. Besides, you also get some great candid shots of Jackie Bouvier-Kennedy-Onassis-? Whomever, and a great quiz on President Nixon. Monster-buff's bonus! We highly recommend it!

■ C.M. Richards

Barry Smith's SOLDIER HERO struggled since The Start. Slaye slays. Ceases. Barry Smith, master of sword and sorcery comix demonstrates his versatility in portraying a stylized cinematic science fiction. Barry and the other horror illustrators did something with printed form that no movie can hope to do...

E=MC²

is as easy as

A baneful bestiary of atomic behemoths bumbles thru our brilliant burgeoning pages this issue, as Joe Kane Jeekanely pokes fun of the mushroom monsters who showed up a few millenia too late invited by that ghastly ghostly host with the most, your friend and mine, the ever popular (and present) Mr. Atomic Bomb. You know, that fellow with the glowing (in-the-dark) personality... well, here are some of his old-fashioned friends...

Last time I talked about films that demonstrated what might happen (as seen through the Hollywood eye) when muddled man and monstrous mushroom mixed — usually with disastrous results (the mixture, that is, not my article...). All too often the results were artistically disastrous as well. In this installment, I'd like to talk about another species of mushroom monster — the Prehistoric Menagerie re-awakened by nuclear energy in the 50's and 60's to embark on a mission of primal revenge.

invoke a monster or your digestion

This subgenre (which I will term The Bestial-Invocation Film — some fancy phrasing, that) proved to be very popular, not only in this country but in Japan as well. Rooted in the myth that nature's will is ultimately stronger than man's, and that the struggle between



REPTILICUS was something unique... a Scandinavian dinosaur.

the twin can take place on a (more or less) conscious level, these films involve a resurrection of the Primal Beast — the dinosaur and its grotesque brethren — as an instrument of Nature's punishment for our nuclear abuse, capable of catapulting man all the way back into the iron chops of primitive struggle and brutal daily survival. In the true

By JOE KANE

MUSHROOM MONSTERS

or: The Day The World Ended & Ended Part 3

Hollywood tradition, studio filmmakers found a basic fundamental formula for this kind of film and repeated it ad infinitum or ad nauseum, whichever came first. If memory serves, it was the latter.

So the formula they developed usually entailed an atomic blast disturbing the lair (a mountain volcano, or shelter on the ocean floor) of a long-sleeping prehistoric beast (e.g., THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS), or has the fallout contaminate and magnify and/or multiply a once-normal animal or insect (ala THEM!). The nuclear misbegotten are then usually destroyed either by nuclear energy (stressing

the Jekyll-Hyde idea that said energy is a force that could potentially be used for survival as well as for suicide) or through a return to more traditional means, like fire (showing a reaction against technology — "See, with all the genius that went into the harnessing nuclear energy all it did was bring Hell down upon our heads and in the end it was a simple thing like fire (or water or whatever) that saved us, dig?"). It was a simplistic means of revoking the dangers of nuclear misuse, and one which was repeated, as I've mentioned, over and over again. Anyway, the range of revived and magnified monsters was

pretty impressive. Outsized ants (THEM!), spiders (TARANTULA, THE BLACK SCORPION, THE SPIDER); grasshoppers (BEGINNING OF THE END); a praying mantis (THE DEADLY MANTIS); dinosaurs (THE GIANT BEHEMOTH, THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS); and spontaneously-generated weirdos like the things who turn up in THE COSMIC MONSTERS all found their ways to the screen during the '50's. The Primal Beast films were generally even less imaginative than the Human-Mutation types discussed last installment. In this genre the monster or monsters are hatched or re-awakened; they stomp the local yokels; they are, in turn, destroyed. The Primal Beast



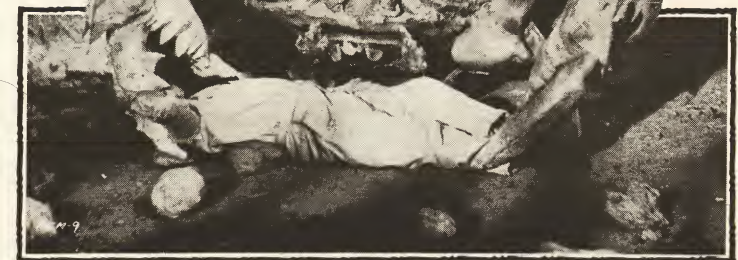
Doubtless mistake for 15th Century foot-soldier, THE HORROR OF PARTY BEACH made waves when invited to the party by an undersea atomic detonation.

type monsters depended too heavily on sheer size and special effects like those awkward back-projection techniques and the obvious miniature models. Also these films posed the question, "How will it be destroyed?" while the Human-Mutation films only asked, "What can happen to a man once he has been touched and contaminated by the devil's paw of radioactivity?"

ABC: Atomics & Beasts=Creepy Creatures!

hobbling their way into your heart...

Most of the Primal Beast films were cheap hack jobs and their monsters unbearably lame. Witness the paper-mache octopus Bela Lugosi keeps caged in his mad doctor basement in his lamentably last, and worst, film role (discounting his silent, stock footage appearance in PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE, a Grade-Z quickie whose ineptitude reaches previously untapped depths of film depravity!) in BRIDE OF THE MONSTER, which was alternately called BRIDE OF THE ATOM. Or how about the obviously superimposed back-projection spider who, by stepping on the local movie house (unfortunately the wrong one), provides a convenient outlet for adolescent aggression in AIP's THE SPIDER. Or the shapeless mass of seaweed with the huge eye in its center who hassles the crew of THE ATOMIC SUBMARINE. And if you think some of those are bad, pick up on some of the following titles when they hit your TV screen: tasty items like THE ATTACK OF THE CRAB MONSTERS, BEACH GIRLS AND THE MONSTERS,



THE CRAB MONSTERS were the sort of misanthropes you'd only take to a nice place... once!

thing they do after getting themselves oriented is to crash a pajama party inhabited by a bunch of bubble-brained beach girls and devour the whole lot — one of film-dom's greatest camp achievements.

THE BEAST WITH 1,000,000 EYES, a 1956 winner produced by Roger Corman and directed by an unsung worthy named David Kramarsky, saved money in the special effects department by having real animals go berserk and attack a group of actors who, ad-

hand takes an axe and does a Carrie Morheim on some confused locals, and, to wind it all up, the "alien intelligence" transplants itself into the brain of a small desert rodent who is promptly swooped into the sky by an American eagle! Talk about a deus ex machina! Talk about fantasy! The American "Bald" Eagle has just about become extinct, due to pollution & insecticides, which keep its egg shells from hardening. A true-life horror story!

But, back at the bestiary, Holly-

Fog Horn" and scripted by Lou Morheim and Fred Frieberger (the producer who didn't save STAR TREK), Lourie managed to establish a powerful mood in the film, combining his models and special effects with a conventional script to convey a feeling of stark fantasy.

The Colossus Rhedosaurus

An archetypical (that critic-talk for "classic") film of this genre, BEAST, begins with an atomically-induced awakening of an ancient

THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS was an overbearing sort of a beast.



THE GIANT LEECHES — not to forget THE HORROR OF PARTY BEACH — a real live number about human remains lying on the ocean floor coming to life in the form of walking fish-monsters after chemical waste material had been inadvertently dumped on their "heads". But these beach monsters adapt to the California culture with remarkable ease. In fact, the first

mittedly, deserved no better fate. Although technically outside the realm of the nuclear film (the animals are influenced not by radioactivity but by an "alien intelligence"), this rarely-screened gem merits mention for its sheer weirdness. In it a cow goes crazy and brutalizes its owner. An Alsatian dog freaks out and stalks a middle-class home in search of something to kill. A mentally retarded farm-

wood was turning out films of occasional quality, films like Warner Brothers' THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS — which ranks as one of the better efforts in the Primal Beast genre. French director Eugene Lourie, a former art director for Jean Renoir and Rene Clair and a collaborator with Sacha Guitry, was assigned the handling of that particular film. Based on a Ray Bradbury story called "The

Rhedosaurus frozen in the Arctic ice. After offing a few local folk, it stumbles back to its ancestral breeding grounds (which happen to lie right off the coast of New York City!), rumbles with the urban populace, smiles at his pork dinner (he eats a meddling cop), steps on heads and infects attackers with special germs, before being trapped in the Manhattan Beach Amuse-

Continued on page 25



A SPOOK-OF- THE-MONTH CLUB Selection

by M.G. BRUNAS

Humphrey Bogart was a vampire! At least in the science-fiction horror film, **THE RETURN OF DR. X**, his only monster flick. And it was **TERRIBLE!** How he came to play in it is a great mystery. Perhaps his agent had a grudge against him. Perhaps he slugged Warner Brothers' mogul, Jack L. Warner. Perhaps he was drunk when he signed the contract. Perhaps... ah, but we shall never know. In any case, he had his face sloppily gunked up with greasepaint, and a weird electric streak of white paint striped across his hairline so he resembled an undead skunk.

THE RETURN OF DR. X was a sequel to an earlier (and better) Warner Brothers opus, **DR. X**.

he couldn't Return from whence he came

In case your memory of **DR. X** is dim, suffice to say that it dealt with a one-handed scientist (Preston Foster) of the sinister and slightly deranged variety who concocts a formula for synthetic flesh which the good doctor happily coats himself for the purpose of killing off unsuspecting victims. Naturally the fiend is done in by the last reel of the movie by a reporter, Lee Tracy, who ignites him with a kerosene lamp.

The return opens with a bumbling reporter, Walt Garrett, arriving at a swank New York hotel to interview actress Angela Morrova (Lya Lys) but instead finds her knifed body sprawled on the floor. He promptly rings up the authorities telling them that there is no trace of the killer, but he found the actress' pet monkey ("No one is here except the monkey and he couldn't have dun-it"). But when the police arrive the body has disappeared, however, the next day Morrova re-appears alive and disclaims Garrett's story.

a science-created vampire

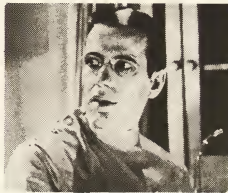
Garrett now joins forces with his doctor friend, Mike Rhodes (Morgan), and they trace the case to the laboratory of a noted hematologist, Dr. Francis Flegg (played by John Liel) who confesses that he has almost succeeded in synthesizing human blood not to mention that he has resurrected the corpse of a Dr. Maurice Xavier (Bogart) who was executed for murdering a child. But science-created Vampire Xavier can only stay alive with a constant supply of a very rare type of blood which he obtains by killing people known to have that blood type. Flegg managed to bring one of Xavier's victims back to life, Angela Morrova, but only for a limited period of time.

Before Rhodes and Garrett can get to the police, Xavier murders Flegg. The police gun down Xavier as he tries to make a pretty nurse (Rosemary Lane) one of his victims. This ends Bogey's only



Slay it again, Sam Bogey's ONLY Monster film!

monster movie (and almost his career!).



Bogey's Bogey-Man!

"A stinkin' pitcher"... Bogey

Humphrey Bogart, being a man of taste, once panned **THE RETURN OF DR. X** in an interview as "a stinkin' picture" and one for which he felt the urge to ask Jack Warner for more bread, probably because of the hardship he endured suffocating under a layer of dried greasepaint which looked ready to fall off his face in the movie. Bogie also

shrewdly commented that the part should have gone to Boris Karloff or Bela Lugosi.

His make-up doesn't give the illusion of terror, but rather makes us think that we are watching Sam Spade at a grotesque Halloween party. The rest of the cast doesn't fare much better reading off pages of witless dialogue, but they weren't as fortunate as Bogie who at least hid his face under all of that make-up.

However, despite the many shortcomings in the film, which by the way, only runs a mere sixty-two minutes, it is a hard movie not to enjoy. After all it was by Warner Brothers (those wonderful folks who brought you Bugs Bunny) and it bears the gloss and fervorous spirit of movie-making that the studio skillfully conveyed in (even their most disastrous stinkeroos!) which gave their products a pulsating personality. It isn't such a terrible flick that it isn't fun to watch even if you take your horror thrillers as seriously as the Mummy takes his tana

leaves. And if you can't have fun watching horror movies, where can you?

trust The Critics...

"Patterned after **FRANKENSTEIN**, the daddy of horror films, **THE RETURN OF DR. X** deals in shocks rather than mystery, although there is enough of the latter to provide abundant suspense until light is thrown on the weird experiments of an egomaniac.

The first part is extremely well-done, and will have you jumping out of your skin. But after the strange case of Dr. Quesne is cleared up the suspense falls flat while you're waiting for the inevitable ending. **THE RETURN OF DR. X** deserves another good word. The relieving bits of comedy are deftly done and in very good taste for this sort of film. You'll get your thrills from the picture even if it is an anemic copy of the red-blooded **FRANKENSTEIN**.

****½—THE DAILY NEWS**

AS HIS COFFIN WAS LAID TO REST, HIS

BRAIN SCREAMED —"I AM NOT DEAD!"



ROGER CORMAN meets EDGAR ALLAN



PART TWO

BY JOE KANE

"WITHIN THE COFFIN
I LIE...ALIVE!"



Ray Milland sighs
With big bland eyes
At his BURIAL's
Coffin carry-all...

Last issue, our prolific pounder of the pulpy typewriters (our typing machine keys are made from fingertips of dead children, you know) Joe Kane covered HOUSE OF USHER and PIT & THE PENDULUM. Now he lovingly vivisectioned Poe-interpreter Roger Corman's next three films: **PREMATURE BURIAL**, **TALES OF TERROR** & **THE RAVEN**.

So we now witness witless degeneration of the series before our very eyes, our claim supported by photographic evidence. We begin with **PREMATURE BURIAL**, which, as Poe-ish Joe once crypt-ically quipped: "Contrarily, **PREMATURE BURIAL** couldn't be buried fast enough". Let us see why...

PREMATURE BURIAL had the fatal feel of programmed horror to it; and programmed horror is something that

only works when it fails completely, when it is so bad that it becomes funny, descends to the level of Camp; a dubious kind of success at best. **PREMATURE BURIAL** is not even funny. Instead it is usually painful to watch and, worse than that, boring.

The slick programmed feel of **PREMATURE BURIAL** serves as a distancing effect, an effect that turns our attention away from the film and towards God knows what — that's up to the individual viewer (I, for one, lapsed into a depressing fantasy in which I was being buried alive in an old movie house where I was forced to watch **PREMATURE BURIAL** through the endless hours of eternity).

With **PREMATURE BURIAL**, as with others of the Poe-Corman efforts, you are all too aware that you are watching a movie and with horror films particularly, it is essential to forget that fact, and "willingly suspend disbelief." The only way you could possibly forget that fact in this case would be to walk out of the theater, into a world far more interesting and terrifying than the one Corman is showing you.

Part of the failure of **PREMATURE BURIAL** can be attributed to some limp, uninspired performances, especially the one turned in by star Ray Milland. Throughout the seemingly interminable duration of the film, Milland grimaces with an expression of annoyance instead

of torment on his face, as if he were more concerned about getting a head cold rather than being haunted by the shattering prospect of being buried alive. Also, since it is a surface film, it fails to give any indication that there might be something behind that surface. Corman's attempts to instill a few moody effects into the film are as trite and transparent as any trick ever pulled from his well-worn sleeve. For all the frantic pumping of the perennial AIP fog machine, the whistling of "Molly Malone" by the scuzzy scavengers of the grave who lurk about the screen throughout, and the cobwebbed descents into the family crypt, the film is so mechanical in its approach that all the audience can do is nod their collective head in acknowledgement as each pre-fab piece of horror film cliché is meticulously fitted into place and to try to keep said head from falling into their collective lap from sheer ennui (boredom).

On the plus side (there's usually something on the plus side in every Corman film) is Floyd Crosby's vivid color photography and one extended sequence where Milland has a nightmare fantasy of being buried alive in his specially constructed tomb, one equipped with elaborate escape devices designed with that possibility in mind. Even this scene, however, as one by one Milland's means of escape fail him and even the cup of poison entombed with him to shorten his suffering is overrun with graveyard worms, does not exploit fully the terrifying potential of such a prospect. Only the cup of worms detail succeeds in adding a touch of genuine horror to the proceedings.

Continued on page 22

"THE PREMATURE BURIAL" (the story)

In the 1860's in London, in a neglected family graveyard, Dr. Gideon Gault (ALAN NAPIER) and medical students, Guy Carrell (RAY MILLAND) and Miles Archer (RICHARD NEY) are engrossed in the labors of two grave-diggers, Sweeney (JOHN DIERKES) and Mole (RICHARD MILLER), who are busy uncovering a coffin in the grave.

Sweeney passes up the coffin lid and on the underside are seen a series of long bloody trails, the frantic efforts of an imprisoned person to gain freedom. The corpse itself offers complete evidence that the person had been buried alive. The sight overcomes Guy and he shuts himself away from the work.

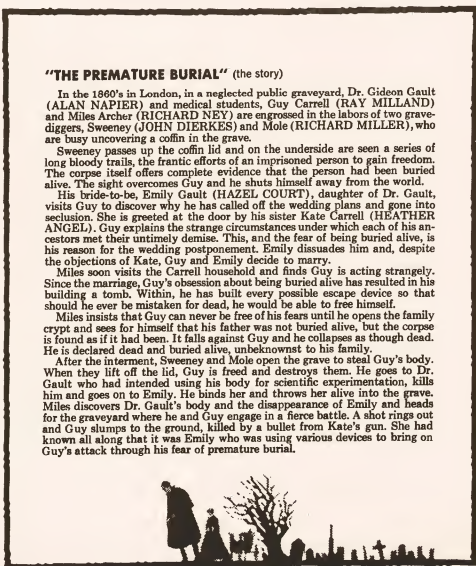
His bride-to-be, Emily Gault (HAZEL COURT), daughter of Dr. Gault, visits Guy to discover why he has called off the wedding plans and gone into seclusion. She is greeted at the door by his sister Kate Carrell (HEATHER ANGEL). Guy explains the strange circumstances under which such of his are castors met their untimely demise. This, and the fear of being buried alive, is his reason for the wedding postponement. Emily dissuades him and, despite the objections of Kate, Guy and Emily decide to marry.

Miles soon visits the Carrell household and finds Guy is acting strangely. Since the marriage, Guy's obsession about being buried alive has resulted in his building a tomb. Within, he has built every possible escape device so that should he ever be mistaken for dead, he would be able to free himself. Miles insists that Guy can never be free of his fears until he opens the family crypt and sees for himself that his father was not buried alive, but the corpse is found as if it had been. It falls against Guy and he collapses as though dead. He is declared dead and buried alive, unbeknownst to his family.

After the interment, Sweeney and Mole open the grave to steal Guy's body.

When they lift off the lid, Guy is freed and destroy them. He goes to Dr. Gault who had intended using his body for scientific experimentation, kills him and goes on to Emily. He binds her and throws her alive into the grave.

Miles discovers Dr. Gault's body and the disappearance of Emily and heads for the graveyard where he and Guy engage in a fierce battle. A shot rings out and Guy slumps to the ground, killed by a bullet from Kate's gun. She had known all along that it was Emily who was the various devices to bring on Guy's attack through his fear of premature burial.



A GNAWING OBSESSION

CHAPTER 2

THE AWFUL TRUTH

HENRY NORMAN, AVID POE ENTHUSIAST, HAD DRAGGED HIS NAGGING WIFE DOWN INTO HIS CELLAR WHERE HE HAD RECONSTRUCTED MANY OF POE'S TORTURE MACHINES. IN THE SCUFFLE THE KEY TO THE DOOR HAD SLIPPED INTO THE BOTTOMLESS PIT AND NOW THEY WERE BOTH LOCKED IN.

© J. JONES 1972

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I MUST HEAT THIS GUILLOTINE BLADE TO GLOWING.

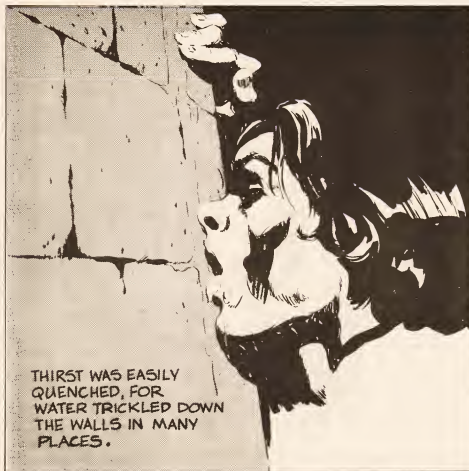


HENRY, NO!

NOW, MY DEAR, DON'T
FEAR - THE HEAT WILL
CAUTERIZE THE CUT.



AND HUNGER
WAS SATISFIED.



THIRST WAS EASILY
QUENCHED, FOR
WATER TRICKLED DOWN
THE WALLS IN MANY
PLACES.



AND THE TIME PASSED SLOWLY.



IF YOU DON'T THINK HENRY NORMAN'S MIND WAS GONE BEFORE, YOU MUST ADMIT THAT BY NOW IT WAS **HOPELESS**.



POE WAS RIGHT. DEPRIVITY **IS** EXHILARATING, DON'T **YOU** THINK SO, DEAR?

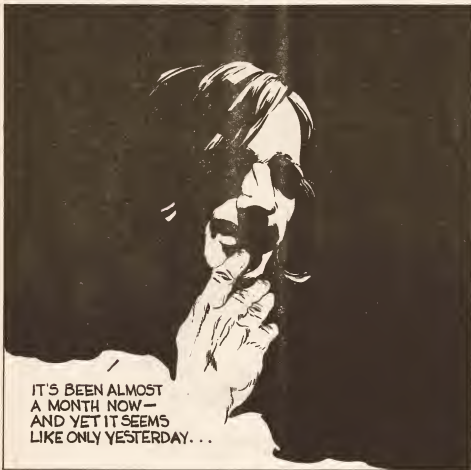


DO YOU NOW BEGIN TO SEE MY ENTHUSIASM FOR HIM.

AND AGAIN THE TIME MOVED ON.



IT WILL BE DIFFICULT FOR ME — NOW THERE WILL BE NO ONE TO TALK TO.



IT'S BEEN ALMOST A MONTH NOW — AND YET IT SEEMS LIKE ONLY YESTERDAY...



BUT I MUST PAUSE — I AM HUNGRY AGAIN...

ROGER CORMAN MEETS EDGAR ALLAN POE

Continued from page 19

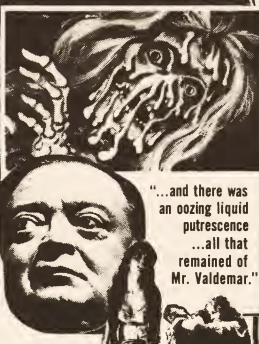
TALES OF TERROR Roger's next foray into the oft-trod turf of Edgar Allan Poe's grave, fared a bit better. Comprised of three short episodes of roughly 30 minutes duration, the film had a unity and a much tighter construction (partially due to the brevity of the individual segments) than **PREMATURE BURIAL**. Of course, Poe's material gets mangled again after being run through the AIP movie machine, but **TALES OF TERROR** manages to work



The horrible stinky "putrescence" in the ad was only wax-drippy ol' Vincent Price, pie-in-the-face-eyed.

pretty well on its own terms, if you are willing to forgive Corman's exercise of his only semi-poetic license. With a cast headed by Basil Rathbone, Peter Lorre, and Vincent Price, it would seem pretty tough NOT to make an entertaining movie, although we all know only too well that such a feat has been accomplished time and again (witness Rathbone in **THE BLACK SLEEP** and Price in the Poe-Corman **PIT AND THE PENDULUM**).

The three episodes were based on a trio of Poe tales — "Morella," "The Black Cat" (previously butchered by Universal in the Karloff-Lugosi vehicle of 1934 which, beyond the pulped time, then bore no resemblance to Poe), and "The Strange Case of M. Valdemar." Corman incorporated a feeling of circus-like horror into the proceedings reminiscent of a tamer and less ambitious version of Fellini. juicy scenes of Price's face disintegrating before your very eyes, of Price playing with Peter Lorre's severed head, and of Price being entombed behind a brick wall enlivened the film and added to the overall fun. The brick wall scene was included as part of the Black



"...and there was an oozing liquid putrescence ...all that remained of Mr. Valdemar."

Cat episode but was actually lifted from Poe's "The Cask of Amontillado." But Corman and screenwriter Richard Matheson had performed similar juggling feats before and this time they took elements from both "The Black Cat" and "The Cask of Amontillado" blending them into a single story which, for all its infidelity, was still entertaining. A tighter framework and a more generous allowance from AIP mini-moguls also contributed to the film's success.

Most impressive of Corman's Poe adaptations are the sets, designed by Daniel Haller. In an interview appearing in Canadian film magazine **TAKE ONE** Corman spoke at length about Haller's uncanny talent for creating extravagant-looking sets on a minuscule budget:

"We would discuss the sets and Dan would kind of sketch them out on a napkin at lunch, and that would be it.

"Who let Soupy Sales on the set?"



"TALES OF TERROR" (the story)

"MORELLA"

Locke (VINCENT PRICE) has lived as a hermit for 26 years, mourning the death of his wife, Morella (LEONA GAGE) soon after the birth of their only child. Blamed for her death, the child, Lenora (MAGGIE PIERCE) was sent away. Aged 26, she returns to her decay-ridden home hoping her father will explain her rejection. Dismayed at her reappearance, however, he refuses a reconciliation.

Forced to stay overnight at the deserted house, Lenora explores the rooms and discovers her mother's bedroom with Morella's body still on the bed, mummified. Locke enters and orders Lenora out, then reveals that he and her mother thought the girl responsible for her death. This revelation breaks the barrier between father and daughter.

That night, Morella's tortured spirit rises from its corpse and possesses Lenora. Her screams rouse Locke who finds her dead. As he mourns her, the covered body shows signs of life. Under the sheet, however, lies Morella — back from the dead. Locke rushes to his wife's bedroom and sees to his horror that Lenora's body is there, apparently dead for 26 years. When Morella follows him and announces that she has returned to avenge herself, the terrified Locke drops his candle and as Morella strangles him, flames consume the bodies, living and dead.

"THE BLACK CAT"

Montresor (PETER LORRE), who drinks to excess and has a foul temper, prefers alcohol to his long-suffering wife, Annabel (JOYCE JAMESON), a woman of simple tastes and a simple mind. Given no love or attention by her spouse, she transfers her affections to her black cat, Pluto.

On one of his drunken excursions, Montresor is befriended by Fortunato (VINCENT PRICE), a wine-taster who carries him home when he falls into a stupor. Fortunato and Annabel are mutually attracted and enter into a love affair. When Montresor finds out, the enmity to his pride leads him to plot the murder of the two lovers.

He uses Fortunato's love of Amontillado wine to drug him and entombs him and Annabel alive behind the cellar wall. Believing that he has committed the perfect crime, Montresor lets the police inspect the cellar, only to be discovered when the black cat, accidentally trapped in the tomb starts wailing.

"THE CASE OF M. VALDEMAR"

An old man, M. Valdemar (VINCENT PRICE) is torn by the pain of a fatal ailment. He asks M. Carmichael (BASIL RATHBONE), an unscrupulous mesmerist, to ease his pain, despite the opposition of Dr. Elliot James (DAVID FRANKHAM). Through this difficult period, M. Valdemar's young wife Helene (DEBRA PAGET), sticks to her husband faithfully, though in love with the young doctor. Carmichael has designs upon Helene, however, and when Valdemar is dying, the mesmerist strikes a strange bargain with him. He agrees to put him under his spell at the end to see if mesmerism can forestall death itself.

Over the protests of Dr. James, Carmichael succeeds in holding Valdemar in a tortured near-life. When this trance continues for months and the old man starts to speak in agony from neither-world, Carmichael exhorts Valdemar to command Helene to give up Dr. James and marry him. To end her husband's torture and give him the peace of death, Helene agrees. However, Valdemar stirs and rises from his deathbed to envelop the evil Carmichael, who dies from fright. The hypnotic spell lifted, all that remains of Valdemar is a liquid putrescence enveloping the mesmerist's body.

When I went to 20th Century Fox it was really a surprise: all these draftsmen, and these guys are drawing things out and the sketch artists and everything else. Dan used to walk out on the set and he'd take a piece of chalk, make a mark, and say, "Start it about here." Then he'd walk out about 15 feet and say, "Well that looks

reasonable, bring it out to here." And I think he was totally correct, because they got themselves so wound up in the studio in such needless detail on sets. You know: "This wall is going to be 35 feet, 14 inches." It means nothing whatsoever in a motion picture. The set will change with every lens you use anyway."



**“grim, ghastly,
ominous...
BIRD or
DEVIL!
thing of evil...”**



offspring was a dull programmer called **THE TERROR**. Years later Corman turned over several minutes of footage from that film over to Peter Bogdanovich (in his pre-**LAST PICTURE SHOW** days), who incorporated it into his first film, **TARGETS**, starring Boris Karloff as elderly horror star Byron Orlock (like Corman before him, Bogdanovich also had Boris only for a couple of days). Scenes from **THE TERROR**, a film fashioned from the remains of **THE RAVEN** remember, appears on a drive-in movie screen in **TARGETS**!

Editor's Note:

The moral from all this which we can glean, horror hipsters and menacing mites, is that we can always trust American International Pictures to turn a bad penny into a fast buck. When **THE RAVEN** was made, Boris Karloff was very aged, and beyond his last legs.

Boris Karloff preparing to grab director Roger Corman.

Literally. His legs had just about given out on him, and he frequently collapsed in his wheelchair after every take. He was in very ill health, yet he was such a "pro" ... a trouper ... that the film came in three days ahead of schedule. And he was such a "pro" (and a gentleman) that, even in his very fragile health, he consented to do **THE TERROR** in three days, respecting the contract with Corman and the other AIP greedy-guts, obviously more than they respected Boris Karloff, or his ill-health. No doubt! This incident probably prompted Karloff, the King of Horror, to say of Roger Corman's Poe-films: "Poor Poe; the things they did to him when he wasn't around to defend himself!"

■ Continued next issue

THE RAVEN

Like the Karloff-Lugosi quickie of 1935, Corman's **THE RAVEN** had nothing at all to do with Poe's poem of the same name, outside of the ironically-intended incidental presence of a raven perched on Karloff's shoulders. Teaming veteran horror superstars Boris Karloff, Peter Lorre, and Vincent Price as a trio of black magicians locked in an elaborate duel, trying to outdo each other (not only as wizards, but as actors as well) and generally hamming it up in a spirit of pure fun, no seriousness intended, the film works primarily because it allows the three horror film titans an opportunity to kid themselves, each other, and the type of film that made them famous. Refreshingly unpretentious, and sprinkled with several clever bits and imaginative special effects,

THE RAVEN gives the trio free reign to camp it up and they do look like they were having a fine old time of it all.

Unfortunately, Corman's flair for obvious jokes, strained sight gags, and tired low-key attempts at humor show through too often and flaw what might have been a much smoother film. But there are just too many broad swipes of his heavy hand that prevent the film's moving at a steadier pace.

A typical AIP history surrounds the making of this film. When Corman managed to bring the film in ahead of schedule and discovered that he had Karloff under contract for three more days, he hastily rearranged the **RAVEN** set, had a script knocked out literally overnight, and another quickie rose from the ashes of **THE RAVEN**. The

"THE RAVEN" (the story)

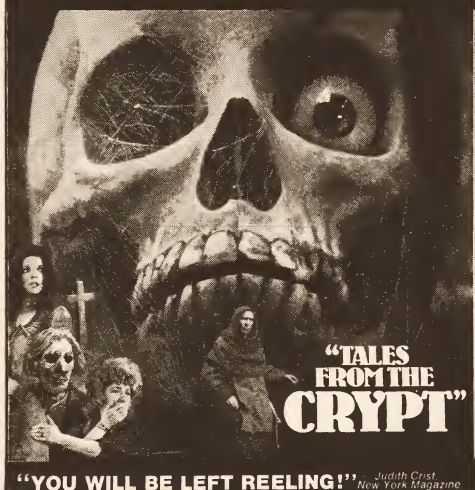
"The Raven" tells of three sorcerers in Fifteenth Century England—a primitive time ruled by magic, fear and superstition. One sorcerer, Dr. Erasmus Craven (VINCENT PRICE), has been inactive since the apparent death of his wife, Lenore (HAZEL COURT) and with his daughter Estelle (OLIVE STURGES) still mourns her loss. One night he is startled by the appearance of a talking raven at his window and learns that it is a fellow magician, Dr. Bedlo (PETER LORRE) who has been made into the bird for daring to challenge the power of Master Sorcerer, Dr. Scarabus (BORIS KARLOFF).

When Dr. Bedlo regains his human form, he tells of seeing a woman resembling Lenore at Scarabus' castle and enlists Craven's aid in gaining revenge. Bedlo and Craven, together with Estelle and Rexford, Bedlo's son (JACK NICHOLSON), journey to Scarabus' castle and arrive safely despite mysterious interruptions which peril the entire party. Dr. Scarabus greets them as a disarmingly charming host and at a lavish dinner banquet pays tribute to Craven's magic and allays suspicion about Lenore. However, we soon learn that Scarabus is really scheming to learn the secrets of Craven's special and long inactive magical powers.

The mystery further unravels when Craven's late wife Lenore appears on the scene—very much alive. She had tricked Craven into believing her dead so she could desert her husband and daughter for the comforts of Scarabus' wealth and power. It was Lenore who tried to prevent the party from coming to Scarabus' castle in an effort to protect her scheme. Now Scarabus admits his evil designs and imprisons Craven, Bedlo, Estelle and Rexford, threatening to torture the girl unless her father reveals the secrets of his magical powers.

When Scarabus, in a rage, once more changes Bedlo into a bird, the Raven cuts Craven's bonds, enabling him to engage Scarabus in a fantastic duel of magic, each pitting the full extent of his power against the other in a fight to the finish.

Death Lives! TODAY



"TALES FROM THE CRYPT"

"YOU WILL BE LEFT REELING!" Judith Crist
New York Magazine

Metromedia Producers Corporation presents An Amicus Production

starring Joan Collins · Peter Cushing · Roy Dotrice · Richard Greene · Ian Hendry
Patrick Magee · Barbara Murray · Nigel Patrick · Robin Phillips and Sir Ralph Richardson

Screenplay by Milton Subotsky · Produced by Max J. Rosenberg and Milton Subotsky

Executive Producer Charles Fried · Directed by Freddie Francis

PG



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ROTTEN RECORD DEPT.

EDGAR ALLEN POE TALES OF TERROR. Read By Nelson Olmstead, Vanguard Records, VRS 9007. Price about \$4.95

Vanguard hasn't let loose a re-issue of this oldie but moldy for a few years now, but copies of it are still to be dragged from the Spoken Word sections of most large metropolitan record stores. Generally for about \$4.95, this record can be yours, for what it's worth.

It's really grim, the way there's little good horror and monster and science fiction stuff available in records, and so much stuff glutting the record stalls, now, that masquerades as music (I won't name any particular type, for we all feel any music but our own favorite stuff is a charade). Maybe with "American Pie" tricking everyone into hypnotically chanting that catchy tune, "This'll be the day that I die!" the mood might be set for a mass-revival of interest in that writer who died a thousand deaths (even before Roger Corman came along), in his writings and in tragic real life, the ever-popular (and ever dying) late, great Edgar Allan Poe.

Olmstead edited and read the six stories on the record in a manner which, if Poe could hear them, would probably make him die again. For editing the stories down to listenable 8-minute segments, Olmstead did very well, and should be commended ... but as for his reading of them? Well, some of you might like it; but then, there's no accounting for taste. Olmstead HAS A WAY OF READING EVERY OTHER SYLLABLE in a verY dra-MAT-ic WAY! IF YOU GET WHAT I MEAN!!

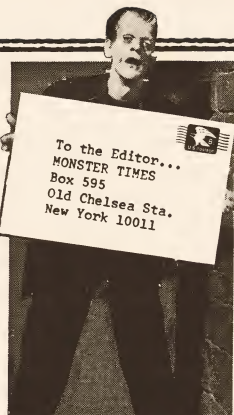
Olmstead worked on radio, reading literature over the airwaves to 100's of

thousands of American homes from 1939-49. He was a pretty big celeb, but listening only to his work with Poe, one wonders why. But listening to a companion album, SLEEP NO MORE! FAMOUS GHOST AND HORROR STORIES (to be reviewed another issue), one can understand why. Poe's writings don't take well to the overly emotive hamming of Olmstead. They are written in a subtle descriptive prose rich in language-quirks and rhythms, and able to cast glimmers of uneasy horror and hidden spectral mysteries on the insep of the palsy-shaken turn of phrase ... the words are in themselves dramatic enough, mellowly so, and call more for a calm, mellifluous-to-sonorous reading voice ... a shell-shocked numbed voice laden with stunned foreknowledge of the terrifying inevitable ... but NOT the hysterical histrionics of Nelson Olmstead. Not on Poe!

Yet, there are probably many who will disagree with me, or say that Olmstead's TALES OF TERROR are Great Camp, or something like that. Well, you can't have your camp and read it, too. There are many subtle mental horrors to Poe's writing that are better read and not heard. I'll take a book, any day. If it's Poe. Olmstead reading Agnew or Martha Mitchell is a Horror record I might well invest another \$4.95 in ... but not too soon. Only when they've been gone from the scene for about as long as old Edgar A. Poe has ... and not until!

The stories read on the album are: The Pit and the Pendulum; A Cask of Amontillado; The Fall of the House of Usher; The Tell-Tale Heart; The Masque of the Red Death; and The Strange Case of M. Valdemar. And Corman almost did better.

■ Chuck McNaughton



HE & WE LIKE EVERYTHING!

Dear Monsters:

I am hoping that you will run a letter column in future issues, so I will tell you a little about myself.

In your ad in ERBdom you mentioned all of the things that I collected; AMAZING! Your publication is the first to cover all the fields that I am interested in: Comics, Large-size Horror Comics, SF Books & Magazines, Pulp, Original and print art, EVERYTHING!

THANKX.

Sincerely yours,
Sean P. Kendall
San Jose, Ca.

You're welKong, Sean.

R.F. ... REALLY FRIGHTFUL

Dear People at Monster Times,

I've just bought the 1st & 2nd editions of your newspaper and loved them. My name is Ronald Fleischer. My initials are R.F., so all my friends call me Rat Fink. I couldn't survive without monsters. I made spook-shows & showed 8mm. films on monsters. I buy every model that comes out on monsters. All I think is



Ron Fleischer

monsters. I saw every Horror Movie, on stage, in the movies, or on T.V. I used to buy junky magazines until your newspaper came out. It's fantastic!

To show how much I love monsters I wrote a song, all about monsters, to the tune of (The Man of La Mancha's) "The Impossible Dream". (I'm only 12.) I want to ask you to do me the favor of printing this song in one of your papers.

Your friend,
Ronald Fleischer
P.S. Don't forget to read the song.
P.S.S. I'm also enclosing my picture.

"THE MOST HORRIBLE DREAM"

To the Tune of "The Impossible Dream"

To dream, the most horrible dream
To live, in a cave with Godzilla!
Where man, cannot live without fright

Rodan, in the air flying high
With Mothra, flying right by his side
Mongor, getting ready to battle
Gammera, getting ready to hide!

This is their quest:
To be our friends,
To make very sure,
Our hair stands on ends,
To be very cruel,
And to fight all the time.

With Godzilla, Rodan, Gamera, Mothra and the Green Slime.

Memories, we will surely keep,
And remember them well,
Even when, the time will come
When we're all fast asleep

And we all, will be thankful for this,
That we cry, and we shake and we scream
And know, when the time has COME!
To dream, the most horrible DREAM!

You know, Ron, that new lyric could become a hit record ... but we can't think of anyone who'd have the courage to hit it. Readers may find interesting the monster passed onto Ron's envelope, which, amazingly enough, arrived in good condition. What's even more amazing, is that the stamp on Ron's letter didn't get cancelled. Somebody "down there" (in the Postal Department) must like us ... enough to contribute stamps to our cause. Readers are encouraged to write monster song lyrics like Ron's. If they are as good and we get enough of them, we may run a special pageful of them, some time.

A MODEL MISTAKE

Dear Sirs,

I was extremely impressed with issue No. 2 of THE MONSTER TIMES and would like to take this opportunity to express thanks for the gracious mention of my models and equipment.

There were a couple of items that someone must have mis-informed Chuck McNaughton about. The text gave the impression that I had built the ENTERPRISE that was pictured; I didn't, that was the model actually used in "THE CAGE" and "REQUIEM FOR METHUSALA". Also, the craft I built pictured in the lower left hand corner of the article was the ROMULAN, not the KLINGON. Also, if you ever want a better picture of the shuttlecraft model, take a picture of the second one, now in Allan Asherman's collection. (A shot of it is enclosed.) The lines are more outstanding and it won't require retouching. Thanks to Chuck also for suggesting to the fans to write to AMT in hopes of getting a shuttlecraft made. They refused my repeated requests (that's what got me started on the models) but they at least sent me enough details to finish another shuttlecraft or two. I will try again, emphasizing how fast the ENTERPRISE models sold at the Con.

Thanks, and BE SENSITIVE YOU!
Rich Van Treuren

Yes, Rich, someone misinformed Chuck McNaughton about the ship; the fellow who exhibited it at the STAR TREK-CON. But no matter. What's a letters page for, but to cop to goofs in preceeding issues? Good look with AMT.

WANTED: JAPANESE MONSTERS!

Dear Sirs:

I think the Monster Times is the best newspaper on monsters in New York, and I really like the article on the Sci-Fi picture "Them". But I wish you could put some more Sci-Fi articles in the Monster Times. Like some Japanese monsters. I have never seen Toho monster articles in Monster Magazines. Like Godzilla, Rodan, Mothra, Bagan, Gamera and others. I hope I find Toho monsters in one of your issues. Thank you.

Yours Truly,
Miguel Ramos
New York City

Very soon, Miguel, we will be doing a super article on the life of GODZILLA (as told by himself). Watch for it in issue No. 7! Here's Toho your health!

Send us so many letters, postcards, boos, detractions, bomb threats, etc., that the Post Office will have to deliver our mail with a bulldozer. Address all correspondence to: THE MONSTER TIMES, Box 595, Old Chelsea Station, N.Y., 10011.



Continued from page 15

ment Park perishing in a burning roller coaster, destroyed by a radioactive isotope, shot into an open wound.

Despite its phony philosophizing (something Hollywood screenwriter hacks can't seem to resist) and predictable romantic sub-plot, **THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS** works primarily because of the special effects concocted by Lourie and veteran special effects ace Ray Harryhausen. The final scene brings it all together in an orgy of frightening images — the monster writhing about among the ferris wheels and roller coasters, crazy thrill machines that have a nightmare quality of their own, while men in white radiation suits sneak

through the carnival carnage and scale the giant coaster in hot pursuit of the Beast. When the park catches fire, the Beast strikes out blindly at the flaming wreckage surrounding him, and is brought down by a radioactive lance.

The fact that Lourie employs a night setting greatly enhances this scene. The highly atmospheric ambience created by Lourie and Harryhausen (when we first espy the beast, for example, he is half-hidden by a raging Arctic blizzard) was soon abandoned by the studio and Warner's next Primal Beast production, **THEM!**, although a classic in its own right, was bereft of such moody details. The odd thing about the scrapping of Lourie and his counterparts' moody, European style was the fact that **THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS**, brought in at a cost of \$250,000, eventually grossed over \$5 million. But, considering the nature of Hollywood studios, I suppose it isn't really "odd" at all. They are the only enterprises (save for the U.S. Government) that makes business of short-changing themselves. The Hollywood studios are today dying.

Other worthwhile titles in this genre include **THE DEADLY MANTIS** which, despite its inept special effects, managed to achieve a great degree of tension thanks to the taut and skillful direction of Nathan Juran. Juran was also responsible for **20 MILLION MILES TO EARTH** in which a tiny *Tyrannosaurus Rex* (another

THE GIANT



BEHEMOTH

THE GIANT BEHEMOTH was no dime-a-dozen dinosaur. By the time he showed up, the price was down to a nickel.

Harryhausen creation) arrives in Italy via a spaceship returning from a space probe on Venus and grows up to terrorize the land of grapes and gangsters. But not only were America and Italy feeling the effects of the sudden and drastic comeback of the Primal Beast and other gangsters, residents of England, Sweden, and especially Japan were hearing their thundering footsteps as well.

Eugene Lourie went to work in England where he was responsible for the birth of the GIANT BEHEMOTH in 1959. The following years saw the emergence of **GORGON** and his mother who slouched through London, wreaking innocent havoc wherever he went (Gorgo, in dinosaurian terms, was only a little kid at the time and did his damage without malice aforethought). Sweden fell prey to **REPTILICUS** in 1962, who considerably altered the face of their previously beautiful countryside. But it was Japan who couldn't escape the rampaging onslaught of those prehistoric monsters who loved nothing more than to take Tokyo apart in film after film. Their dedication to the destruction of Japan remained unparalleled, at least until we undertook a similar crusade in Vietnam.

Japanese monsters attack world: World giggles to death!

Throughout the late 50's and 60's, Japan suffered (and continues to suffer — as does anyone who has to sit through these films) from the destructive advances of the hordes of the strangest spawn of the Bomb ever to crowd the screen. Included in Japan's filmland zoo, were bullies named **RODAN**, **GODZILLA**, **MOTHRA**, **GAMMERA**, **GHIDRA**, **YOG** (among many, many others!), and even a playful looking version of **KING KONG**. Many of them were created by Ishiro Honda, who set the tone for Japanese horror films for years to come, beginning with *Godzilla* and with no end in sight.

Not that they have fared any better in terms of artistic success than their American counterparts. With washed-up American actors like Brian Donley, Rhodes Reason, and Myron Healey (yes, Myron Healey, who starred in **VARAN — THE UNBELIEVABLE**), unsteady special effects, and execrable dubbing, they became little more than imitators of a previously established mediocrity.

It all depends on what you think is worse — the rotten egg or the sick chicken who hatched it. ■

"They told me **KING KONG** started this way," GODZILLA, doing the old

said darn cleverly imitative train-wreck schtick.



The Monster Times Teletype

... is our way of getting the latest hot-off-the-wire info to you; reviews, previews, scoops on horror films in production, newsworthy monster curiosities, bulletins, and other grues-flashes. There are several contributors to our hodge-podge Teletype page... **BILL FERET**, our man in Show Biz (he's a professional actor, singer, dancer with the impressive resume list of stage, film and TV credits to his name), makes use of his vast professional experiences and leads to Feret-out items of interest to monster fans, and duly report on them in his flashing Walter-Wind-chill manner.

FRANKENSTEIN AND THE MONSTER FROM HELL" may have a highly oriental-sounding title, but it's actually been announced as issuing forth from Hammer studios. Hammer also has on the books remakes of **DANTE'S INFERNO**" and **"LORNA DOONE"** (No, it's not about Cookie-monsters.)

Fanfare Corp. is readying



"TOWER OF EVIL" starring Bryant Haliday and Jill Haworth, for release.

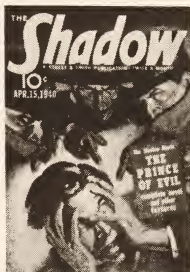
The Italians have a conclave of films due on the scene shortly. "WHO KILLED THE PROSECUTOR AND WHY?" starring Adolfo Celi (Thunderball) is a thriller and "INFERNAL NOOSE," is a psycho piece. (No noose is good...) There'll be some "spaghetti" Westerns too, but the titles are so enigmatically



TMT SIGHTS UFO

The Saucers have landed! CBS has just bought 26 (hour-long!) segments on a new British TV series entitled "UFO." It'll be aired in New York, Philadelphia and LA going nationwide if it's a hit.

The Series stars American-born Ed Bishop, George Sewell, Peter Gordon, and luscious Gabrielle Drake. It takes place in 1980 and concerns an organization called "SHADO" (Supreme Headquarters Alien Defense Organization.) (Only the Shado knows.) They have a moon base, space stations, super-submarines, rocket ships, and computer wizardry programmed by the most glamorous girls of the space age.



(Only the Shado knows.)

Everyone, male and female alike, wear see-thru fish net tops as uniforms! The miniatures look fair, special effects reasonable, and if they have pretty good scripts, they might have a hit. Let's hope "UFO" won't mean Undeniable Failure Overall.

As you can see, there seems to be a real boom in television science-fiction as well as horror. All this stems from the incredible success of the made-for-TV movies.

There is a wealth of stories and books by some of the finest authors of the horror circle available for filming. I certainly hope they make use of them.

gruesome... "CREEPING DEATH," "PAID IN BLOOD," and "DOOMSDAY" starring Ty Hardin and Rossano Brazzi, hey sound more like "How the West was Bled." Edgar Allen Poe's poem, ANNABELLE LEE" has been turned into a film version starring Margaret O'Brien. Film was shot in Peru and has a score by Les Baxter.

Anthony Quale is set as host of a half hour anthology teleseries titled "Evil Touch". The 26 suspense-chiller episodes will star name people each show.

The famous British sci-fi series "DR. WHO." is planned as an all-new color half hour series of 50 episodes. You'll remember "DR. WHO AND THE DALEKS."

The Science Fiction Film Festival at Trieste, France and the Science-Fiction Cultural Center of Venice, Italy are trying to organize a world-wide sci-fi convention for the 3rd week in July. (Lotsa Luck!) Already registered for competition is **SOLARIA**, written by Stanislaus Len and directed by Soviet Andrei Tarkovski.

CON-CALENDAR



DATE	CONVENTION	LOCATION	PRICE	FEATURES
APRIL 9, MAY 14	THE SECOND SUNDAY PHIL SEULING 2883 W. 12 B'KLYN, N.Y. 11224	STATLER-HILTON 33rd ST & 7th AVE. NEW YORK CITY	\$1.00 (10 A.M. to 4 P.M.)	COMIC BOOK DEALERS & COLLECTORS No Special Guests
May 26-29 FRI, SAT, SUN & MON	E.C. FAN-ADDICT CONVENTION 2623 Silver Court East Meadow, N.Y. 11554	HOTEL McALPIN Broadway & 34th Street New York City	Various Prices Write Con For More Information	THE GREATEST HORROR COMIX OF ALL TIME
MARCH 25-27 FRI, SAT, SUN.	L.A. CON JERRY O'HARA 14722 LEMOLI AVE. GARDENIA, CALIF. 92249	L.A. HILTON, LOS ANGELES.	Info. Not Available Write Con.	Comic convention; comic books, strips, Guest speakers, Cartoonists.
MARCH 31, APRIL 1, 2 FRI., SAT., SUN.	LUNA-CON DEVRA LANGSAM 250 CROWN ST. BKLYN, N.Y. 11225	STATLER-HILTON 33rd ST. & 7th AVE. NEW YORK CITY	\$5.00 Per Person	New York's Biggest Annual Sci-Fi Convention Big-Time Writers Galore!

THE CON-CALENDAR is a special exclusive feature of the MONSTER TIMES. Across this great land of ours are quaint and curious gatherings of quantity curious zealots. The gatherings, called "conventions," and the zealots, called "fans," deserve the attention of fans and non-fans alike, hence this trail-blazing reader-service.

To those readers who've never been to one of these hair-brained affairs, we recommend it.

Detractors of such events put them down by saying that they're just a bunch of cartoonists and science fiction writers and comic book publishers talking, and signing autographs for fans who, like maniacs, spend sums on out-of-date comics, science fiction pulps, and monster movie stills. But that's just the reason for going. If you want a couple of glossy pictures of Dracula or King Kong, or a 1943 copy of Airboy Comics (God alone knows why)

or if you wish to see classic horror and science fiction films, or meet the stars of old time movie serials, or today's top comic book artist and writers—or if you just want to meet other monster or comics science fiction freaks, like yourself, and learn you're not alone in the world, OR if you want to meet the affable demented lunatics who bring out THE MONSTER TIMES, go ahead and visit one of these conventions. We dare ya!

Producer Blake Edwards (THE GREAT RACE, DARLING LILI) is currently lensing on British soil a film-musicalization of "TRIBLY AND SVENGALI." Julie Andrews



John Barrymore as SVENGALI.

(Mrs. Edwards) is starred and hopefully Jack Lemmon will be 'Sven, Golly.' (The Sound of Mesmer?)

If you're interested in the H.P. Lovecraft stories, principally his "CTHULHU MYTHOS," there just recently came out an excellent study about his work and related works by other authors. Lin Carter was the author of this dissertation and he handled it most admirably. Mr. Carter himself had authored several books of the same type, notably the THONGOR" series.

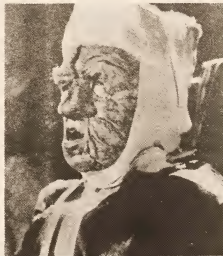
So if you aren't into Lovecraft's World of Monstrous Menace... get into it, you won't be sorry. I personally love (Aha) his craft.

■ B.F.



Let's hear it for the OLYMPIA theater, here in New Yawk, New Yawk, the wunnerful town. Just the other week they ran a complete FLASH GORDON serial at a midnite show, and Roman Polanski's immortal classic, THE FEARLESS VAMPIRE KILLERS, one of the funniest and yet scariest vampire classics ever. Fun City is graced with lots of terror treats from hip theater owners, though there could be more. Readers across the country are encouraged to clue in their local theater owners about TMT... and have them submit schedules to TMT of any horror and Sci-Fi festivals, (at least a month in advance). We may become the TV & Movie Guide of Monsterdom!

Somewhere in the mileu, I found notes on a production of "LADY FRANKENSTEIN."



Frankenstein's Daughter 1958





TMT BACK ISSUE DEPT.

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Proves again, page after page, that Finlay did for horror & sci-fi what Norman Rockwell did for the Saturday Evening Post.



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A JOB FOR SUPERMAN

Kirk Alyn. \$3.00

The first actor ever to play the part of Superman has written this memoir. It is filled with film-making stories (how he caught fire while flying), good humor, and many, many photographs. Fun reading, even for non-film fans.



HISTORY OF THE COMICS

Jim Steranko. \$3.00

There is a series involved here, and this is volume one. You can find few better descriptions of how comic books evolved (from newspaper strips and pulp adventure magazines), and there are hundreds of photos and illustrations. Nifty reading, great art — poster-sized full-color cover by the author.



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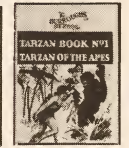
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ANTONIO MORENO

Directed by JACK ARNOLD • Screenplay by HARRY ESSLEY and RICHARD ROSS • Edited by WILLIAM ALAN • A Universal International Picture

There were some redeeming qualities, however. There is a particularly amusing segment that starts with my escape from the Ocean Harbor Seapark and concludes with yours truly furiously tossing a car through the air with the greatest of ease. Another shattering episode involved two College kids who discover the unconscious Miss Nelson on a local beach, and when they attempt to revive her, I literally knock their brains out. Although quite grisly for the time, the scene may take on a new meaning today, with me as sort of a "Super Spiro", rescuing young women from do-gooder college student radicals. Or maybe we just should have hired Carroll O'Connor for the part and retitled the movie **THE BUNKER FROM THE BLACK LAGOON**. Archie, of course.

What bugged me most about the film was that it destroyed me in the eyes of the American public. Sure, it did OK moneywise, but the people who came to see it no longer identified with me. I had become, of all things, A MONSTER! Aghs!

My Film Career WALKS To the Finish Line

The following year held certain promise. With the completion of **THE CREATURE WALKS AMONG US**, things were looking up. The stalwart scientists this time around included Jeff Morrow and Rex Reason (after just completing an orbit around Metaluna in Universal's technicolor spectacular **THIS ISLAND EARTH**).



Me, after I got my nosejob, in the third picture, **WALKS AMONG US** etc.

And the girl — WOW!

Leigh Snowden certainly renewed my faith in the studio's contract players.

"A woman's beauty my prey," indeed! Just ONE? What did they take me for, a cold fish? But that's Hollywood for you, according to the press agents, I was a small-pond fish in a big reservoir.

CREATURE CONFESSIONS

Continued from page 5

Now comes a Hollywood confession-type bit of info, which the publicity departments of both MGM and Universal kept hushed up.

During that exasperating year, Dick, Julie and Richard Denning accompanied me to MGM, where I met a personal favorite of mine... the lovely Miss Esther Williams. Man, could she swim! We got together one sinful evening, filled our restless throats with cocktails and hit the surf for a wild spree in the moonlite. It wasn't long before Van Johnson heard of our rendezvous and threatened Universal with a lawsuit and a song. Fearing the frustration of the former and the repulsion of the latter, I left the MGM lot and bid Miss Williams adieu.

The Second Creature Feature!

The mesmerizing sound of jingling

change in their pockets prompted Universal personnel to film a sequel to my first adventure. With the identical crew working on this flick, it was a sure bet that **REVENGE OF THE CREATURE** (yeah!) would retain that same sense of imagination and wonder that made the first epic a breadwinner.

Well, I must confess, we did kind of bomb out on this one.

Although the production was the same, the cast was different. Instead of the visionary Mr. Carlson, I was pitted against courageous John Agar, who turned actor after being laid off by the Armour Ham Packing Co. In place of the sultry Miss Adams, plopped tomboyish Lori Nelson (who never did learn **HOW TO MARRY A MILLIONAIRE**), and to follow in the footsteps of the seasoned Richard Denning, Universal hired John Bromfield, who paraded around the lot with gritted teeth and a sweatshirt labeled, "Kiss me, I'm Superman".

Just about everything went wrong with my **REVENGE**. Even with Nestor Paiva and his magic beard on hand, the film still looked as if smilin' Jack Arnold had "lost all his comic books" while directing it.

To all my friends at **THE MONSTER TIMES**, a specially autographed photo, from the Creature who remembers... Gill!



Apart from the inspiring cast, this third thriller boasted an unusually atmospheric music score by Henry Mancini (this was long before Hank drifted down Moon River and nearly drowned himself), plus a truly imaginative script penned by Arthur Ross.



I just didn't make out too well with the dames, once I had my operation.

Some ambitious, clear-thinking scientists decide to capture the feared Gill-Man and transform him into an air-breathing creature, proving the laws of evolution and producing a totally unearthly, futuristic mutation. Wild! Of course, I'm still primitive enough to tear the entire place apart in the last reel as expected, but the bizarre connotations of the unusual screenplay stick in the viewer's mind long after the flick fades, and **THE CREATURE WALKS AMONG US** emerges as an intriguing example of science fiction cinema. Too bad it sank at the box-office.

"A Creature for All Seasons"

Well, that about wrapped up my movie career. John Q. Public was growing weary of me and my blaring "da-da-daaaaaaa!" theme song, and so I sadly left the studio late in 1956 and returned to my home on the river. Occasionally Universal would resurrect me for cameo appearances on their TV series, including one particularly ludicrous affair on **THE MUNSTERS**, with the entire cast hailing me as "Uncle Gilbert", as if I'd be caught dead being any relation to those morons.

Most recently, I appeared in the "Pickman's Model" episode of **NIGHT GALLERY** (slightly disguised, of course), and when I ran off with lovely Louise Sorel in my arms, it felt just like old times!

So, that's my earth-shaking life story. Even though my career spawned quite a few frightened clods with nothing better to do than to run around spreading false rumors, I still believe the large bulk of fantasy-oriented fanatics regard me and my films as entertaining symbols of a simpler age of science fiction movie making. Leading horror author Robert Bloch has been known to call them "works of obvious crud", but we must excuse dear Robert. He could never get over the fact that H.P. Lovecraft found me far more intriguing than the novel "Psycho"!

As I type out these last few words, I notice my pals on the river still haven't forgotten my Buster Crabbe impersonations. Would you believe it — they actually sent away for Buster's "muscle control body shirt"! I may not be the most popular monster in town, but at least I'm the only one with a reeseecal corporation up front! And no body-shirt... yet!

Transcribed (with maddening results)
■ by Gary Gerani



Now that I look back on it, I not only got the short end of the stick, but I got the long end and the pointed end, too, in my Tinseltown Career. Yet, I still pine to again be the big shrimp of those salad days, even if it means groveling before the Hollywood big shots, as I once did. The bottom picture is of me groveling.



"YOU OUGHTA BE IN PAPERS"



We're instituting an Inquiring Photographer column, Very Soon. We don't know what to call it, probably something like The Inquiring Photographer, The Photographing Inquirer, Monster in the Street, Fearful Fotos, or something ridiculous like that. But we need your help. Send us questions you would like to see asked of witty by unwitting fans and conventions and other ghoulish gathering plots. Questions like "Which do you prefer, Japanese or American monster films?" Or "Do you think monsters in

TV commercials sell products?" Or "Do you know your hair is suddenly growing longer?"...well, we're sure you can do better than what we just did.

We'll credit each question used at the head of the column, and then ask that question of several people...and print their replies and photos.

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For Sale: 1,500 comics, fanzines, etc. Will Buy: Comics, fanzines — especially Bulk. Send sales, want lists with SSAC. Claiborne, Smisson, 203 Woodburn, Raleigh, N.C. 27605.

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CAPTAIN GEORGE would like to sell your fanzine at his Memory Lane store (in the heart of Toronto the good). He needs 25 of everything (including back issues), needs (nay, demands) some kind of a discount (so's he can make a buck out of the deal) and will pay promptly on receipt. Crudzines need not apply. Captain George Henderson, The Vast Whizzbang Organization, 594 Markham Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada, P.S. Ask for a free copy of Whizzbang 12 and find out what copies of Captain George Presents are still for sale. Also... you can get 10 issues of Whizzbang for only \$3.00. Plus... if you're ever in Toronto, drop in and say hello. And furthermore... ask me what the Whizzbang Art Gallery is all about and I'll send you a little pamphlet on it. End of message.

Comic books, fanzines, stills, posters, Big-Little books, dealers, collectors: The Monster Times folk! Every "SECOND SUNDAY!" at the Sailer-Hilton, 3rd St. & 7th Ave. N.Y.C. 10AM to 4PM. Admission, \$1.00

Taimnacht — New Occult Magazine, Crowley, Golden Dawn, Witchcraft, Drugs, Druidism, etc. 25 cents @ or 4/\$1.00. Special Locavest Issue Number 12 — 60 cents, Boruta, 11 West Linden, Linden, New Jersey 07036.

For Sale: Thousands of Comics CDC and Marvel Magazines, Sci-Fi, Paperbacks. Send 10 cents for list. Wanted: EC'S, Golden Age Comics, Lucas Dug, 914 Madison Street, Oakland, Calif. 95127.

My Free Illustrated Catalogue includes large selections of movie and serial publicizing fanzines and prozines, posters, buttons, underground comic and numerous hardbound books. Just send me an 8 cents stamp or a SASE for your free copy. All orders are filled within 48 hours and carefully packaged. I carry the most complete selection of quality fan publications and underground comic around. Bud Paul, 4160 Holly Drive, San Jose, Calif. 95127.

Wanted: Movie soundtrack LPs, stills and movie scripts. Send lists to: Michael R. Appel, 1103 Kinsella Avenue, Belleville, Illinois 62221. Will buy or trade.

WE'LL THANK YOU IN PRINT! — for allowing us to run some of your rare stills in THE MONSTER TIMES. COLLECTORS, we are on the lookout for rare monster, horror, sci-fi and fantasy stills, pressbooks, lobby cards, posters, and other visual goodies with which to exotically embellish our articles. We'll credit your photos and you'll BECOME FAMOUS! Send checklists of your collections to us, P.O. Box 595 Old Chelsea Station, New York City, N.Y. 10011 include your Address and Phone Number... Thankx.

Harryhausen Films in 16 mm. & 35 mm., Trailers, Animation Stills and related matter. Wanted Trades also. Jim Harmin, 3270 Kennelworth Drive, Number 19, East Point, Ga. 30344.

Happy Birthday to my February Friends — Alanna Friedberg, Ric David Friedberg, Janice Jacobs, Eddie Jacobs and Mary Rizzo — from Robert.

Wanted: Anything dealing with Flash Gordon serials, and The Marx Brothers. Buy, or Trade horror magazines, Mark Schultz, 615 North 3rd Avenue, Maywood, Illinois 60153.

WANTED FOR REVIEW!!! TMT is about to begin it Fan-Ad-Art-Zine reviews... start sending them in c/o Zines, The Monster Times, Box 595, Old Chelsea Station, N.Y. 10011

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NEXT ISSUE! ZOMBIES ON PARADE!



We're covering just about every film ever made, in our next not-worthy issue... from Bela Lugosi's WHITE ZOMBIE to toothy Charlton Heston's OMEGA MAN.

But you didn't know there was a film called ASTRO ZOMBIES... well, neither did we, but film completists Joe Kane not only saw it, but actually remembers it! It remembers it so faithfully that it could win TMT, an award of Envious Achievement, from NATIONAL LAPOON & MAD.

We've also covered the zombie hit of the century, NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD... which yet makes the lengthy lines who stand before movie theatres this chill spring into Frozen Living.

And derwish Dan Green, who illustrated Empire of the Ants in issue #3, is back with a chilling zombie comic strip, called AND THE DEAD SHALL WALK.

To compliment Dan's strip, and the zombie film survey, we've also got a survey of ZOMBIES IN COMIX... zeroing in on the old swampy EC yarn, "Horror We? How's Bayou?"

Now, how's bayou subscribing to THE MONSTER TIMES?

CARLOS GARZON



A TOMBL Y TESTIMONIAL

"FRIGHT ON! I think a subscription to THE MONSTER TIMES is just what has been missing in my life! Life didn't seem to mean much to me, for a long, dreary time. Doldrums had been setting in. I felt sort of, well, you know, hollow. Meaningless. You know. And then I ran into THE MONSTER TIMES in my neighborhood newsstand (I was flying a little low - nearly broke my wings). Saw THE MONSTER TIMES and I was suddenly transformed... became a new person. Well, the same old person, really, but a person. You know how it is, sometimes you haven't even got the get up and go to change back into a human, you know. Well, you know. You know. But now that I've found THE MONSTER TIMES, life is a wonderful new adventure. Like how to make it to the newsstand in that thin sandwich of time between sundown and the newsstand close-down. You know. It's really a challenge. But as the days are getting longer, I won't be able to do it anymore. Especially with that deathly Daylight Saving Time! So now I subscribe, to get THE MONSTER TIMES delivered every two weeks, delivered in a plain, brown envelope, right to my coffin."

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C. Drackuleski
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